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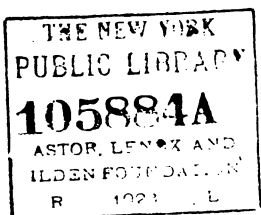
## NORTHERN ICEBERGS

BY EMMA H. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "FIJI AND SAMOA," "THE TONGA ISLANDS  
AND OTHER GROUPS," "DIGGING THE TOP  
OFF," "SAVONAROLA," ETC., ETC.

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## PREFACE.

A library for American youth, which embraces accounts of the people, climate, scenery, and productions of many lands, would scarcely be complete did it not include a work upon the north polar region of the American continent. This little volume partly answers that purpose. Its limits are too narrow to admit even a mere *résumé* of the history of Arctic exploration, which covers a period of several centuries. And since the work is particularly for English readers, it has been limited to accounts of the expeditions which have been sent into polar waters by England and the United States.

Information for the work has been gathered from numerous sources, but upon no other work has so heavy a contribution been levied as upon Captain Richard Perry's "History of Arctic Explorations"—a recent issue covering the entire field of such expeditions.



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# Among The \* \* \*

## Northern Icebergs.

### CHAPTER I.

EXPEDITIONS UNDER CAPTAIN BUCHAN AND  
SIR JOHN ROSS.



OR over three hundred years the sturdy English nation has tried to send its strongly-built ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean through waters which wash the Arctic shores of North America. In the endeavor she has spent vast sums of money, has abandoned, to be driven about and finally crushed by the icebergs, numbers of her best vessels, and has laid to sleep amid polar snows scores of her brave and venturesome men.

During all this time no ship has forced its way entirely through the frozen seas. Vessels have en-

tered the region from the east and from the west, from Davis Strait and from Behring Strait. Parts of the same expedition have struggled to meet somewhere along the perilous way. No such meeting ever took place. The seasons of open water were too short, the ice too stubborn, and the sufferings too terrible. The year 1890, therefore, finds the world practically little better off for these centuries of sacrifice and daring.

But the English are not the only people who have endeavored to explore the waters around the North Pole. The Danes and the Dutch, the Russians and the Americans, have all joined in the effort to penetrate the Arctic seas. If, altogether, they have added, by these efforts, not materially to the world's commerce or comfort, they have at least shown that in all these nations live men possessed of true courage, men capable of noble self-denial, men who can hardly be overcome by disaster, by hunger, or even by the peculiar horrors of an Arctic winter.

Discovery was the first object of each nation, of the commander of each expedition. And certainly all accomplished their object; for there were discovered—icebergs like mountains in size, frozen seas of vast extent, winds of whose velocity we can scarcely conceive, storms whose fury lasted for days, cold which we cannot imagine and which the instruments could barely measure, and desolation which no pen can describe.

Discoveries of great value were also made in the fields of science. The location of the north magnetic pole was determined. The intensity of the terrestrial magnetic currents was measured. The laws relating to sun-spots were carefully studied, as was the dip of the magnetic needle. Observations were made of the air currents and water currents. It was learned that there are two poles of extreme cold, one in Asia, the other in America, and that both are on the eightieth parallel, and six hundred miles south of the true North Pole.

However interesting they may have been, and most of them were extremely so, the limits of this simple work forbid the noticing of any Arctic voyages preceding the present century. And throughout the book we shall confine our studies to English and American expeditions.

Could we have been in England seventy-two years ago, in the year 1818, we should have found the British Admiralty seriously turning its attention to voyages for scientific discovery, after having attempted nothing in that direction for over fifty years. The finding of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, above North America, was the topic uppermost in the minds of its members. And they were slowly busy—as such bodies generally are—fitting out four vessels for exploration within the Arctic Circle.

Two of these ships were to speed northward around the “fartherest head of Spitzbergen,” and

thence, sailing along the northern coast of Asia, enter the Pacific at Behring Strait. These vessels were the Trent and the Dorothea.

The other two ships, the Alexander and the Isabella, were to hasten across the Atlantic, pass up Davis Strait, and thence penetrating the Arctic Ocean, proceed westward until they too should emerge into the Pacific at Behring Strait. Thus would the four vessels nearly circumnavigate the globe, in Arctic latitudes.

We are interested in these expeditions chiefly because in them sailed two young men, one in each, who afterwards became famous as explorers in American Arctic waters. And one of them laid down his life in that region while searching for the much-desired "Northwest Passage." These young men were: Lieutenant, afterward Sir John Franklin, commander of the Trent under Captain David Buchan, the conductor of the expedition, and Lieutenant William E. Parry, commander of the Alexander under Captain, afterward Sir John Ross.

To equip these craft, give their brave officers general instructions as to their enterprise, bid them a hearty good-by, and send them forth to encounter cold, storms, and perils, was an easy thing for the British Admiralty to do; but to execute their commission was an altogether different matter. Let us follow first one and then the other of these expeditions and see how they fared. The story can soon be told.

July 30, 1818, found the *Dorothea* and the *Trent* off the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, surrounded by blocks and pinnacles of ice, and fearfully driven and tossed in a storm. In the conflict the *Dorothea* was so much injured that Captain Buchan decided to return immediately to England. His part of the enterprise therefore was a complete failure, though he lost neither of his ships. He certainly did not increase in the public mind enthusiasm for Arctic voyages.

Turning now to the fleet under Captain Ross, imagine yourself on board the *Isabella*, headed for the northwest coast of Greenland. Your courage goes down with the thermometer on being told by a Danish official at one of the southern ports that the winter preceding had been one of unusual severity. Yet the abundance of ice already encountered confirms his statement. Captain Ross is busy completing his equipment for polar traveling, and when ready, courageously puts out to battle with the ice and snow.

Arrived above Disco Island, Captain Ross discovered certain errors in the observations recorded by previous explorers. He found Wygat Island, as laid down on the Admiralty charts, five degrees out of its true longitude. Proceeding to a point three degrees beyond Upernavik, then the most northern settlement on the western coast of Greenland, he was greatly surprised to find a party of Esquimaux in the vicinity. But the wonder of the latter at

seeing their visitors was still greater. That other races than their own existed upon the earth, or that the globe extended beyond their narrow tramping-ground, was a startling revelation to them.

These people were totally ignorant of the Danish settlements on their own coast, two hundred miles away. They had never seen a ship. Its nature their intellects could not comprehend. They had no canoes and made no excursions by sea. One Esquimau ventured to address the ship, supposing it to be a living, moving thing. "Who are you?" he asked. "Are you from the sun or the moon?" The people were, however, naturally bright, and altogether an interesting aboriginal tribe. Captain Ross named them the Arctic Highlanders.

Northward the vessels urged their way, and before long entered the region of red snow, a rare phenomenon indeed, but not utterly unknown. Thirty years before, Swiss naturalists had observed the same feature in the Alps. When melted, the water presented the color of muddy port wine. Eight miles of the Greenland coast, off Baffin Bay, were mantled with this singular substance. At some points its depth was twelve feet.

A portion of the coloring matter of this snow was preserved by Captain Ross, and after his return to England was carefully analyzed by two parties. One called it a cell-plant of the sea-weed. The other was sure it was a species of fungus. Years later, Baron Wrangell, the great Russian navigator,

declared the minute object to be a lichen. Then came Agard, the Swedish naturalist, and after him a famous botanist of Edinburgh, named Greville, who once more assigned the little plant to the order of sea-weeds. Finally, Sir William Hooker and several other scientists turned the light of their wisdom upon it, and it turned out a palm! *Pamella nivalis*—little snow-palm—was the name given it by Hooker.

Still the naturalists were not content, for in the earlier periods of its life, the microscopic object gave clear indications of being an animal, and not a plant. So, on this important question, the great scholars were unhappily divided. For the benefit of our readers, we may say that the tiny thing consists of a gelatinous mass overlaid with many brilliant little spheres, which resemble fine garnets.

Onward, up the coast, went the two ships, passing the three large sounds of Wolstenholme, Whale, and Smith, which Captain Ross arbitrarily pronounced "mere bays," without exploring them to confirm his opinion. He was now far north in Baffin Bay. Crossing to its western side, he found the temperature warm, the sea clear of ice, the land free from snow, except on the distant heights, and the opportunity for doing laudable work, one that occurs only once in years in that northern clime.

On the 29th of August, 1818, the expedition sailed into Lancaster Sound, a spacious body of water, fifty miles wide at the entrance, and extend-

ing westward north of Baffin Island. Both the officers and crews rejoiced over the flattering prospect before them. They had penetrated but thirty miles when, to the utter astonishment of all, Captain Ross suddenly ordered the vessels to turn back.

The atmosphere of that wonderful northern world is capable of extraordinary refraction, and sometimes produces very illusive effects, like the atmosphere of our great deserts. Captain Ross now believed he saw looming up before him, some twenty-five miles distant, a range of impassable mountains. This, he surmised, must form the limit of the water on which he was sailing. His mistake was that he did not move forward and settle the question by actual observation.

Could we have been on Lancaster Sound two hundred and two years prior to the visit of Captain Ross, we should have found cruising about there, or on the great bay which bears his name, that intrepid navigator, William Baffin. Possibly he too was deceived by that unreal chain of mountains, for he and his companion, Bylot, returned to Britain and reported that Jones, Smith, and Lancaster Sounds were merely inclosed inlets or bays.

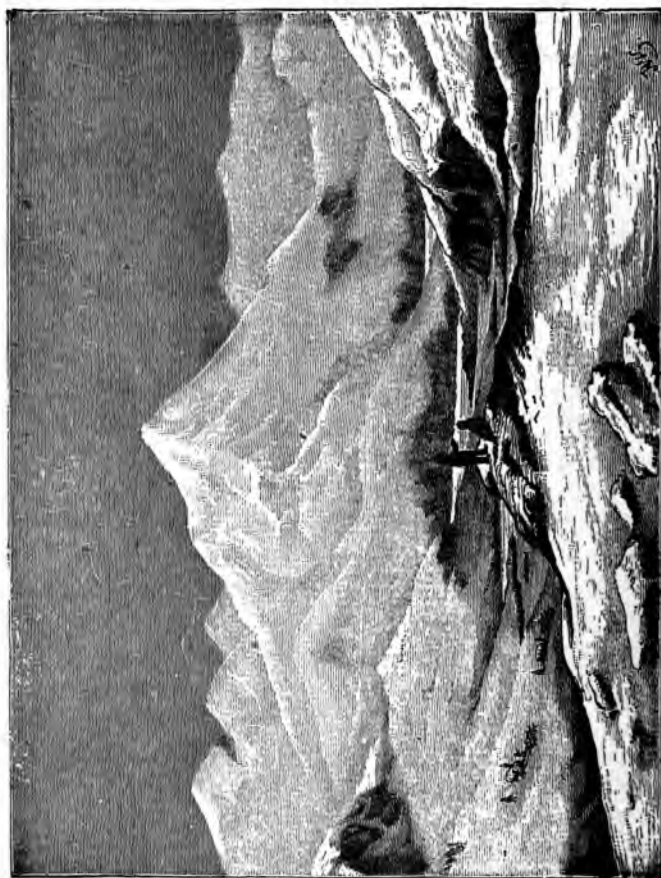
This was an error, and from Baffin's day down to the voyage of Ross, the question, as to Lancaster Sound particularly, had been in dispute. Ross, with his auspicious opportunity, should have settled the point, and thus have added to the sum of the world's knowledge. Certain of his own disap-



pointed officers believed that the the state of water they were upon indicated that a large ice field was of them, if not that the Arctic Ocean itself was were anxious to prove if their conjectures were correct.

Captain Ross seemed to be living under a spell of singular mental paralysis. It is only fair to appear to be resigned to the state of affairs, but to be careless of the honor which might attach to the name. Emerging from Lancaster Sound he passed down the southwestern coast of Baffin Bay of which their little was known and failed to explore it. Arriving at Cumberland Sound where there was need of considerable investigation he was still totally blind.

Early in October he left the sound and made direct for England having spent a little while one of the most favorable seasons of travel but having accomplished nothing worthy of note. Baffin Bay and the waters round thereof had never been so open to examination. The result of his almost fruitless expedition intensified the disappointment produced by Buchan's failure. The notes of the Admiralty were particularly diagnosed.



## CHAPTER II.

### FIRST VOYAGE OF WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY.



IF the reader will but take the trouble to consult a good map of the polar world, the step will contribute greatly to his interest in the narrative, and in the actors amid the trying scenes we shall portray, and will also much increase his knowledge of that wonderful region.

Let us now turn our attention to the remarkable young man who was second in command under Captain Ross, during the voyage we have just reviewed. William E. Parry was born in Bath, England, December 19, 1790. He entered the British navy in 1803, then but a lad of thirteen. All his spare time during the next seven years, when on board ship, was devoted to study, and especially to acquiring a knowledge of nautical and astronomical science.

Young Parry received his commission as a lieutenant in 1810, when but twenty years of age. He was then dispatched to the Arctic seas in command of a vessel for protecting English whalers and for perfecting the charts of the Admiralty. He spent the next three years among the snow and ice, and was then recalled to aid in blockading the

ports of the United States—a result of the war of 1812. In 1818, as we have already stated, he returned to the Arctic regions in command of the *Alexander*, under Captain Ross.

During the few days of their sojourn on Lancaster Sound, he was struck with the depth and high temperature of the water, and distinctly dissented from the views of his chief in reference to the important passage. Upon the return of the barren expedition, his opinions, though never paraded, reached the ears of the Admiralty, and not long after, he was commissioned to do the work Ross neglected.

Search for the Northwest Passage was the prime object of his expedition. At the same time he was to gain all the information possible relating to the geography, meteorology, botany, and natural history of the territory he should visit. Parry was instructed to commit to the deep, whenever he deemed best, after passing latitude  $65^{\circ}$ , sealed bottles containing a record of the date and the position of his ship at the time. Also, at every point of landing on the northern coast of America, he was to erect a flag-staff, hoist the Union Jack, and at the base, in a sealed bottle, bury a record of his achievements, with a statement of his future intentions.

His ships, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, were fitted out with great care and thoughtfulness. They were amply provisioned for two years, including

supplies of clothing for the men. On May 5, 1819, young Parry left London for his third Arctic journey. Fifteen days later the Hecla and Griper cleared the Orkney Isles. June 15 they sighted the southern coast of Greenland, over one hundred miles distant. Shortly after, they were in a river of floating ice, with massive icebergs scattered here and there. On the 24th the ice-field stretched away to the horizon, furnishing a scene of awful desolation. Next day the small boats made an attempt to tow the ship through the ice-floe. Soon an east wind tucked the crystal closely around them, and nothing could be done.

After eight hours of incessant effort, on June 30, the vessels were worked into clear water on the east side of Davis Strait. Three days they cautiously skirted the ice-pack, seeking a passage to its western border. July 3 found them within the Arctic Circle, off the eastern peninsula of Cumberland, having safely dodged a multitude of icebergs during the day.

Toward midnight a strong southerly swell of the sea, during an unusual calm, carried the ships helplessly forward. About that time there appeared a fleet of formidable icebergs sailing down from the north and threatening instant destruction to the vessels. The Hecla was in advance. Immediately the boats were manned, and she was pulled out of the path of the mammoth travelers.

One unaccustomed to Arctic sailing can but

faintly imagine the feelings of men when confronted at dead of night by such dangers. A ship in the pathway of a mountain of ice, swept forward by a rapid current, or driven by a terrific wind, is truly in a hapless plight, and should a collision occur, would be crushed like an egg-shell.

Parry's first objective point was Lancaster Sound. Therefore, as nearly as possible, he steadily held his ship to the western shore of Davis Strait. For days the expedition was beset by dense fog, and progress was extremely slow. On the 18th of July a body of ice three hundred yards wide and snugly packed lay right across his bows. The ships pushed into it, and after hours of toilsome labor, floated into clear water.

At last the fog swept away, and lo! in sight on the distant Greenland coast was the prominent headland south of Upernavik. They were in Baffin Bay, but far from its western coast. Uneasy over this fact, Parry once more turned his bows to the west and plunged into the ice. Seven days he battled with it, his officers and crews performing prodigies of bravery and endurance, sometimes sawing through the ice-packs, then backing, then towing, "sometimes for eleven hours at a stretch"—in short, doing anything to progress.

Finally they emerged into water free from all obstructions. In seven days the ships had traversed eighty miles of continual ice-floe. So deep was the water that they were unable to touch bottom with

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**FORCING AN ICE-PACK.**

a line of three hundred and ten fathoms, and its temperature was six degrees higher than that of Baffin Bay. They were now in sight of land, and in a single day counted eighty-two large whales.

Upon landing soon after in Possession Bay, they found, uninjured, the flag-staff erected by Captain Ross the previous year. Appointing a rendezvous with the commander of the Griper, should the vessels become separated, Parry, on August 3, 1819, crowded all sail and dashed rapidly westward through Lancaster Sound. Writing of the emotions which filled every breast as the Hecla sped over the water, Parry said:—

“It is more easy to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze freshened to a gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mast-heads were crowded with officers and men all the afternoon. An unconcerned observer, could anyone have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the reports from the crow’s-nest were received. So far, however, all were favorable to our highest hopes.”

Before night the Hecla reached the point at which Captain Ross turned back the preceding year. The mountains which frightened him had vanished from sight. The passage was forty miles wide, with water the color of the ocean, and as deep as at its entrance. “They began to imagine,” says one writing of that voyage, that “they had reached



the open polar sea, and were on the eve of solving the double problem of finding the Northwest Passage and the North Pole."

Their ideas were soon corrected, for, though the massive mountains had fled, there lay right before them an impenetrable ice-pack. Toward the south, however, appeared a wide, open water. Thither Parry turned, hoping still to push westward. Instead, he found himself in a passage, which, with its broad extension—now known as the Gulf of Boothia—stretched away southward four hundred and fifty miles. The entire body was but a great inlet with many deep bays indenting the coast. To its entrance, thirty miles wide, he gave the name Prince Regent Inlet.

Parry passed down the inlet to its point of expansion, found its northwestern border crowded with dense ice, retraced his steps, crossed to the east shore of the inlet, and entered a harbor which he named Port Bowen. Here were narwals, ducks, and dovekies in multitudes. The explorers landed on what Parry termed the most desolate spot he ever saw, remained there two days, detained by the ice, made some trifling explorations, and on a slight elevation buried a record bottle beneath a mound of limestone.

While descending the inlet, the commander witnessed for the first time on this continent the remarkable fact that the needle of the compass was so robbed of its directing power as to be completely

overcome by the attraction of the ship, so that, properly speaking, the needle pointed to the north pole of the ship.

August 17, the Hecla again headed for the north. At nine o'clock in the evening next day, after hours of beating about among the floes, she suddenly glided into open water near the north shore of Lancaster Sound. Presently the passage was so clear of ice that it seemed impossible to believe they were in the very channel which but three days before had presented a vast expanse of thick floe.

Crowding westward now, through the narrow continuation of Lancaster Sound, Parry named that portion Barrow Strait, in compliment to Sir John Barrow, the second lord of the Admiralty. On he went, passing Beechy Island, Capes Hotham and Bowden, and on the 22d discovered a body of water twenty-five miles wide, stretching away northward. In this could be seen from the mast-head neither land nor ice. This the lieutenant called Wellington Channel. And it was this break in the continuity of the northern coast which led him to believe he had "actually entered the Polar Sea." He says, with great enthusiasm:—

"Though two-thirds of the month of August had now elapsed, I had every reason to be satisfied with the progress we had made. I calculated upon the sea being navigable for six weeks to come, and probably more, should the ice permit us to edge our way southward in our westerly progress. Our

prospects were truly exhilarating; the ships had suffered no injury; we had plenty of provisions; the crews were in high health and spirits; the sea, if not open, was at least navigable; in both officers and men there was a zealous and unanimous determination to accomplish, by all possible means, the grand object on which we had the happiness to be employed."

Passing out of Barrow Strait, and skirting the southern shore of Cornwallis Island on their right, they reached Bathurst Island, landed, and discovered traces of an Esquimau encampment—"six huts on the level, sandy bank of a narrow ravine near the sea. They were constructed of stones, placed rudely in circular form, their broad, flat sides standing vertically. The structures were from seven to ten feet in diameter, and exactly similar to the huts of Esquimaux which we had seen at Hare Island the previous summer. From the sand and moss covering the lesser stone circles—supposed to be fire-places—built here and there, the place," says Captain Sabine, who examined it, "must have been deserted for years."

The interesting magnetic observations made on Bathurst led them to conclude that they had just crossed immediately to the northward of the magnetic pole, and had undoubtedly sailed over one of those localities of the earth where the north pole of the needle would have pointed due south.

The enthusiastic expedition was now on the wide

expanse of Melville Sound. Advancing westward as rapidly as possible, they coasted along a large island which Parry called Melville Island, and on September 4 crossed meridian  $110^{\circ}$  west. Thus he became entitled to the reward of five thousand pounds sterling offered to such English subjects as should penetrate that distance westward within the Arctic Circle.

A headland near this meridian Parry named Cape Bounty. He then pushed on until checked by ice on the 8th. During the five following days, excursions were made on the shore of Melville Island in search of game and for exploration. In one of these trips a company of seven men lost their way. Hoping that by taking different directions some of them would sooner reach the ships, the men separated into two companies. After three days of hunger, fatigue, and dangerous wandering, the company of four reached the vessels, having been guided from a distance by the flag hoisted at the command of Parry for the purpose.

Relays of searching parties were regularly sent out for the remaining three, and after a total absence of ninety-one hours they were brought in greatly exhausted. But care and attention from the doctor and the cook soon restored them.

The ice continuing to close in upon the ships, and the prospect of further progress westward becoming hourly fainter, on the 20th of September a consultation of the officers was held, at which it

was decided to seek winter quarters immediately. Forty-eight hours later they were retracing their way eastward, working slowly toward Cape Bounty. On their way west Parry had named an inlet of this cape the Bay of the Hecla and Griper. This inlet they determined to make their winter refuge. So rapidly did the cold increase that, in order to reach the place, they were obliged to cut through the new ice, already seven inches thick, a canal sufficiently wide to admit the ships, and nearly two and a third miles long.

The task was accomplished in three days! Imagine the energy with which these men worked, to remove completely so large a body of ice in so short a time. At three o'clock, Sunday, September 26, they were at their moorings in the inlet, ever since called Winter Harbor, latitude  $74^{\circ} 47'$  north. Their shelter promised unusual safety, being virtually landlocked, and vigorous was the cheering over the situation—at but a cable's length from the land, in water five fathoms deep, and absolutely no danger from ice-floes.

And yet one wonders how men so isolated, so far from the warm fireside of home, with surroundings so dreary, with from six to nine months of Arctic winter before them, could feel like breaking the deep silence with cheers. We who lack every experience of a polar winter can have but a faint idea of the depression of spirits which weighs men down in that region. The scene reminds us—

though it is by no means a parallel case—of how our own brave countrymen heartily cheered the crew of the English ship *Calliope* as they observed her steaming safely out to sea from the dangerous Bay of Apia, Samoa, in the height of that terrific storm of March, 1889. Death faced them, but they, forgetting themselves, mingled with the roar of the wind and the waves cheers for those who were to live. That was a deed sublime.

But let us return to our voyagers at Winter Harbor. That was the first time men of the English-speaking race had rent the air of the Arctic winter with hurras, in so high a latitude. It has, however, been done many times since then. Possibly the intense homesickness, the keen sense of desolation, the foreboding of disaster, which settle down upon men wintering in that clime, find relief in such outbreaks of the human voice. But truly our explorers had reason to feel somewhat elated. They had accomplished wonders—for that period—in a very short time. Their national pride had been gratified not a little. Shortly before, Parry had written, "It creates in us no ordinary feeling of pleasure to see the British flag waving for the first time in regions hitherto considered beyond the habitable limits of the world."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE TRIALS AND PASTIMES OF AN ARCTIC WINTER.



E condense greatly Parry's account of the long winter spent at Cape Borlase. It differed not very materially from scores of cold seasons since passed as far north. Parry was perhaps unusually versatile in providing diversions for his men, in keeping up their spirits, and causing the time to pass quickly. Above all, his heart was full of sympathy for them. And this they knew.

Speedily the ships were unrigged and partially dismasted; the lower yards were lashed fore and aft to support planks which were to form the shell of their house on board each ship: boats, spars, sails, ropes, everything not likely to be needed, were stored on shore; the house on both ships was roofed with canvas; the stores and provisions were placed in safe deposits. Next, Parry provided every safeguard against illness; by a simple but ingenious contrivance the heat from the galley-range and copper-boilers was made to warm the berths of the men; a large stone oven, used for baking their bread, and cased in cast iron, was set in the main hatchway, and the pipe extended fore and aft on

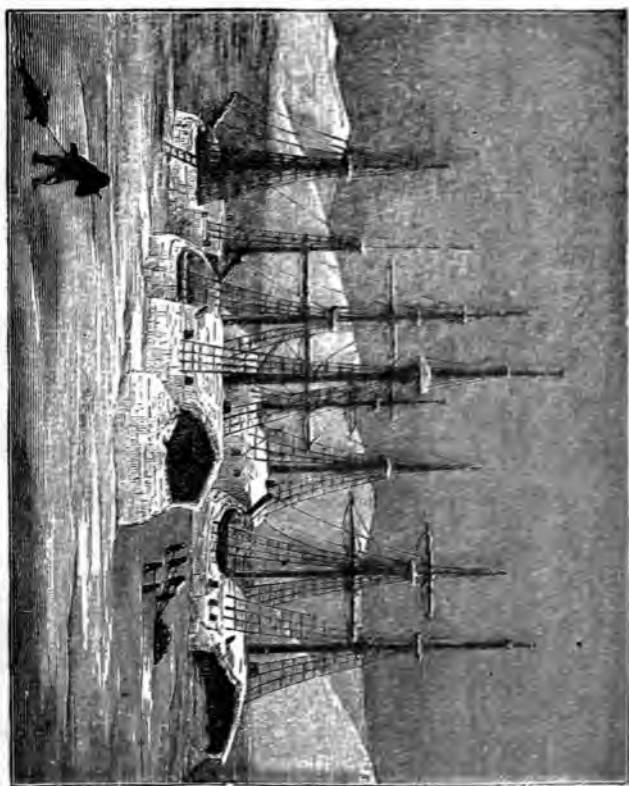
the lower deck. Thus, with an ordinary fire, they secured a temperature of 87° seventeen feet from the fire-place.

Provision was made to distribute, daily, one-third the regular allowance of food. In this arrangement "no partiality in quantity or quality, under any circumstances, was shown to the officers. This just and wise course wonderfully promoted contentment among the men. For awhile, banking the ships with snow furnished them daily exercise. That work completed, if the weather were fair, they made short excursions inland and along shore, hunting perhaps. On stormy days they marched about the deck to the time of a barrel organ.

Appreciating the hygienic effects of merriment and light mental work, Parry and his officers devised a series of theatrical performances to take place once in two weeks. "In these amusements," wrote Parry, "I myself gladly take a part, considering it not the least essential part of my duty, under the circumstances, both to present an example of cheerfulness, and to contribute to it in my men." These details picture quite clearly Parry's life at Winter Harbor. To these occupations were added stated hunting excursions for grouse and reindeer, until these animals migrated—as the night grew darker and their food became scarce—and then for foxes and wolves, which remained all winter.

But hear Parry again on the subject of amusements. We abbreviate his account. "In order





further to promote good spirits among us, and to furnish amusing occupation during the constant darkness, we instituted a weekly newspaper, which we called the *North Georgia Gazette and Weekly Chronicle*. If the reader will glance at the map, he will find the words "Parry Islands" arched in capitals above Bathurst, Melville, and some smaller islands. Their discoverer, Parry, named them "The North Georgia Islands." Hence came the name for his Arctic newspaper. Now, however, they bear his own name. Parry continues:—

"Captain Sabine undertook to be the editor. The officers of the two ships were to support it by original contributions, and I can safely say that the articles had the happy effect of not only employing the leisure time of those who wrote them, but of diverting their minds from the terrible gloom which weighed upon the stoutest hearts."

The *Gazette and Chronicle* appeared daily, "Sunday excepted," from November 1, 1819, to March 20, 1820. Let us glance at the contents of a single issue, and see what those Arctic scribblers found to write about. We find humorous accounts of the various excursions, accidents, adventures, explorations, discoveries, and hunting expeditions. There are stories, original and borrowed, mingled with correspondence and winter poetry. We do not see North Georgia lands offered to *bona-fide* settlers at astonishingly low figures, but the last theatrical performance is ably criticised, and the next one as

ably announced. The entire community readily subscribed to the enterprising sheet. Those who could not read had it read to them. Altogether it was one of the most successful ventures in American journalism ever attempted by Englishmen. The subjoined letter, written by one who was on the spot, graphically portrays the excitement produced by the mere announcement of its publication.

"MR. EDITOR: Your proposition to establish a journal among us has been received with the greatest satisfaction. I am convinced that it will go a long way toward *lightening* our hundred days of darkness. The interest I take in the matter has led me to study the effect of the prospect on my comrades, and I can testify—to use reporters' terms—that the thing has produced an immense sensation. The day after your prospectus appeared, there was a lively demand for ink among us, and our green table-cloth was piled with cuttings and parings from quill pens, to the detriment of one of our servants who got a piece driven right under his nail.

"I know for a fact that Sergeant Martin had not less than nine penknives to sharpen. To see all the writing-desks brought out was quite a novel sight, and, judging from the reams of paper visible, more than one visit must have been made to the depths of the hold.

"I must not forget to warn you that I believe attempts will be made to smuggle into your box articles which are not strictly original. I can de-

clare that, no later than last night, I saw a writer bending over his desk, with a copy of the *Spectator* open in one hand, while with the other he was thawing the frozen ink in his pen, over the lamp. It will not do to have in our winter *Chronicle* articles which our great-grandfathers read over their breakfast tables a century ago. Therefore I warn you to be on your guard."

Lieutenant Parry believed that nothing could result so disastrously to his men as want of employment, and, at first, so busy did he keep them that the men complained of not having time to mend their clothes. Thereupon he promptly assigned one afternoon of the week to that purpose.

At night four watches were kept regularly, as when at sea, while the remainder of the ships' companies were allowed undisturbed rest. Every morning, at a quarter before six, all hands were called up, and both decks were thoroughly rubbed with warm sand and stones. At eight o'clock both officers and men sat down to breakfast. After breakfast, three-quarters of an hour was given the men to prepare for muster. All were then beat to divisions, and at the stroke of a quarter past nine, every person on board presented himself on the quarter-deck, where a strict inspection of the men, as to their condition, personal cleanliness, and quantity of clothing, was carefully made.

Parry immediately, then, dismissed them to exercise on shipboard, while he visited the sick and

examined the lower deck. The men were then dismissed for a trip ashore until noon. The afternoons were devoted to braiding the cords used in furling sails, or in other light ship work. At six came the second general inspection. Then followed supper; after that, amusements until nine o'clock—regular bed-time for all except the watch and officers. Every half-hour the watch visited the lower deck as a guard against danger from fire. Twice each day a hole was cut in the ice near the ships, to obtain water readily in case of need.

On both ships divine service was regularly held on Sundays, and a sermon was read. These exercises contributed greatly toward sustaining the courage and tranquilizing the hearts of the oftentimes desolate men.

They were now in continuous night, with about two hours of twilight at noon. During these hours they took their accustomed walks very comfortably. Ordinary type could be read without lamp or candle. Even on the shortest day, December 22, there was a brief interval of this half-light. Parry wrote that he read for a short time on that day, by letting the printed page face the south. Even in very heavy weather, owing to the moonlight and to the reflection of the vast expanse of snow, there is never in that northern clime the intense gloom which distinguishes some of the dark nights in the Temperate Zone.

February was savagely cold. But on the 3d, at

noon, a portion of the sun's disk was seen above the horizon from the maintop of the Hecla. On the 7th, its full face appeared, attended on the east by a mock sun. A week later the mercury fell one day to  $55^{\circ}$  below zero. For a half-hour on the 16th, a brilliant mock sun flanked the orb of day on each side.

The 24th was signalized by the destruction of the observatory by fire. The structure had been erected with great care by Captain Sabine immediately upon their arrival at Winter Harbor. From both ships men rushed to the rescue, and succeeded in saving the more valuable instruments. They were at the work three-fourths of an hour, with the mercury at  $44^{\circ}$  below zero. In five minutes after exposure to the weather, every man's nose and cheeks were frost-bitten. The remainder of the time the physicians and their aids were kept busy rubbing the affected parts with snow in order to preserve the circulation.

In his efforts to save the dipping needle, the servant of Captain Sabine had his hands so completely frozen that, upon plunging them into a basin of cold water, ice quickly formed over the surface. The penalty for his heroism was the loss of four fingers on one hand and of three on the other. Let us pass his name down in history. It was John Smith.

June 1, 1820, the vessels being completely ice-bound, Parry, accompanied by eleven officers and

men, explored the northern part of Melville Island. He returned on the 14th, not to push on westward as he hoped, but to remain a helpless captive of the ice until August 1, when, the ships being free, he weighed anchor and put out toward the sunset, only to encounter miles of ice-pack. August 8 he discovered, lying off to the west, a new land, which he could not reach. This he named "Baria Land," in honor of Sir Joseph Banks, a warm friend of the travelers and explorers of that day, and for forty years president of the Royal Geographical Society.

Still deterred by ice, and the summer being far spent, Parry now decided, with the unanimous consent of his officers, to turn his bows homeward, but to spend the month of September in a careful exploration of the west coast of Baffin Bay. After working their way through miles of floe, they sailed out of Lancaster Sound, turned southward into Baffin Bay—sighting fleets of stately icebergs traversing its waters—and on September 6, while lying in Clyde Bay, were visited by the first Esquimaux they had seen.

There were four men, who came off to the Hecla in canoes. They manifested no fear, and, once on board, freely expressed their surprise and pleasure at everything they saw, by loud cries, and a sort of pantomimic acting, which was very expressive. Next day, Parry, with an escort of officers, returned the visit. The tents forming the st

dwellings of the Esquimaux were located but a few feet from the beach, while the huts constituting their winter homes stood in a sheltered spot at the head of the bay. Epitomized, Parry's account of these people reads about as follows:—

"They were strictly honest, but traded to the best advantage, holding back for higher offers, but yielding when we would offer no more. They accepted our presents gratefully. But nothing could induce them to drink rum. However much it was diluted, they instantly detected the smell and unhesitatingly refused it. There were four men, four women, and several children. Most of them were good-looking. The eldest boy was a remarkably fine and handsome lad. The faces of both men and women were plump, with skin smooth, teeth white, eyes small, nose broad, not too flat, hair black, straight, glossy, worn loose over the shoulders by the women. The youngest woman was not tattooed and evinced great bashfulness. Therefore we inferred that she was not married."

Leaving Clyde Bay and fighting their way through floes, on the 24th, the *Hecla* and *Griper* swept out of the Arctic Circle, having spent fifteen months on its waters. During these days spent on Baffin Bay the great accumulation of ice kept Parry far off the coast he so ardently desired to explore. Finally, finding all effort in that direction unavailing, on the 26th, the boats were taken on deck and all sail made for home.



## THE FUTURE

The future of the world is a subject of great interest to all men. It is a subject which has occupied the minds of philosophers, statesmen, and writers of all ages. The future is a subject which is full of uncertainty and doubt. It is a subject which is full of hope and fear. It is a subject which is full of mystery and wonder. It is a subject which is full of life and death. It is a subject which is full of joy and sorrow. It is a subject which is full of love and hate. It is a subject which is full of all the emotions of the human mind. It is a subject which is full of all the experiences of the human life. It is a subject which is full of all the possibilities of the human future.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE VOYAGES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.



IN all the long history of Arctic exploration, no other name excites an interest so deep and so thrilling as does that of Sir John Franklin. And this is due, not so much to what he accomplished in that rigorous field—though this was not little—as to the fact that for years the fate of himself, his crews, and his ships was shrouded in mystery. An appalling silence long enwrapped the whole expedition, arousing the concern and sympathy of all nations, leading to manifold expeditions for his discovery, and resulting in vast outlay of money and sacrifice of life in the attempt.

Sir John Franklin was the leader of three distinct expeditions to Arctic lands. In our account of them, many details must be omitted. We append first a paragraph relating to his personal history.

John Franklin was born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, England, April, 1786. His father intended him for the church, and at an early age he entered upon the preparatory studies. From his boyhood, however, he had shown a decided taste for the sea. His father, hoping a voyage or two would correct



River to the eastern verge of the continent; to correct the defective maps of that coast, by noting exactly the location of all its important rivers, harbors, and bays, and to make useful observations on its plant life, animal life, and atmospheric phenomena.

This expedition was fitted out by the British Government. Franklin was in full command, with two accomplished navigators as his assistants. One of these was Dr. Richardson, himself afterward the leader of an Arctic expedition. Franklin was at that time an unusually handsome man, and was in every way qualified to command men.

His ships were the *Wear*, *Eddystone*, and *Prince of Wales*. Sunday, May 23, 1819, the entire party took ship at Gravesend. The little fleet spread canvas and sped away to the port of Stromness, Orkney Islands. Here Franklin, short of men, persuaded four Stromness citizens to accompany him. He thus writes of them:—

“I was much amused with the extreme caution these men used before they would sign the agreement. They minutely scanned all our intentions; weighed every circumstance; scrutinized carefully our plan of route; considered thoroughly our prospect of return. Such caution as these Orkney mariners displayed forms a singular contrast to the thoughtless manner in which an English seaman enters upon the most hazardous enterprise, making no inquiry nor desiring to know where he is going, or what he is to do.”

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the existence of a solution of the system of equations (1) for arbitrary values of the parameters  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ . It is shown that the system of equations (1) has a solution for arbitrary values of the parameters  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$  if and only if the condition  $\alpha + \beta = 1$  is satisfied. In this case the solution is unique and is given by the formula

men were compelled to walk upon the bank, drawing the loaded boat against the speeding current.

We could easily fill this volume with the thrilling episodes of that perilous and toilsome journey. We exclude all except the following incident, in which figured the gallant leader of the enterprise.

While superintending the transfer of supplies over certain rapids in Hill River, Franklin's foot slipped and he fell into the stream, below the fall. He made desperate efforts to check his downward course, but without avail. So smooth had the racing tide worn the stones that to secure a hold was impossible. At length he grasped some overhanging willows and clung to them until his men brought a boat to his rescue. Thus was Franklin saved for a far different fate.

We must not fail to note that in one of these streams existed a small island so powerfully magnetic as to render an ordinary compass utterly useless within the range of its influence. Aware of its existence, the party kept an eye upon their instruments, and found they were affected at a distance of three hundred yards both in approaching and leaving the center of the islet.

From Hudson Bay to Great Slave Lake—the source of the mighty Mackenzie River, which empties into the Arctic Ocean east of Alaska—exists an unbroken chain of lakes and rivers. Up this succession of interesting water-ways slowly proceeded Franklin and his party, beset by terrible hardships, pulling after them their boats and sup-

plies wherever navigation was possible, and carrying them overland whenever dangerous rapids forbade transit by water.

The map shows you Fort Chippeway—properly Chipewyan—on Lake Athabasca. Here the expedition finally arrived safely, but worn by the toils and dangers of the way.\* Yet this was but the threshold of their hazardous journey. Onward they pushed to Fort Providence, on Great Slave Lake. Here they tarried to construct a large canoe, to engage Indian guides, and, if possible, Esquimaux interpreters. Through the influence of the famous Northwestern Fur Company, Franklin procured an escort from the Chipewyan tribe, after a lengthy parley with its chief, a keen-minded fellow, whose abilities made a most favorable impression upon the English party.

The important step in this proceeding was to win the confidence of the shrewd Indians and to keep it. Among those northern inland tribes the least departure from truth was regarded as a breach of faith and was never forgotten.

Over a year had now been consumed since the expedition left London. The party numbered twenty-eight persons, including the wives of three Canadian voyagers engaged at Fort York. It was decided that the women should still accompany them, as they were of great service in caring for the sick and in making shoes and clothing. On the 2nd of August the company began the ascent of the Yellow Knife, full of enthusiasm over the prospect of

exploring a country as yet untrodden by white men.

Owing to frequent portages around otherwise impassable rapids, the progress of the party was slow and painful. In spite of great endeavor to provide sufficient food, they soon began to suffer from hunger. At length, so great became the want that the Canadian voyagers absolutely refused to proceed until better supplied. To this Franklin replied, "Any attempt at desertion will meet with the severest punishment." This had the desired effect, and thereafter these men were unsurpassed for fortitude and fidelity. Very soon the hunters found more game, fish became more plentiful, and good cheer reigned once more.

Franklin was now about five hundred miles north of Fort Chipewyan, and still some distance from the Coppermine. There the Indian chief suddenly surprised him by declaring that he and his men would proceed no further. For several mornings he had observed that little pools of water near the riverside were frozen over. And, overhead, screaming wild geese were speeding southward. Winter would quickly be upon them. From this decision no eloquence, or argument, or pleading of Franklin could move him. He listened to it all, and then replied:—

"If, after all I have said, you are determined to sacrifice your life and the lives of your people, some of my young men shall go with you. But if they go, from the day they depart I and my friends will *mourn them as dead.*" At this point a rupture with



the chief would have been disastrous. So, most unwillingly, Franklin decided to there encamp for the winter.

But he immediately dispatched a party of ten, led by Mr. Back and Mr. Hood—two of his most valuable aids—to the Coppermine, to ascertain its size, distance, rapidity, and navigability, but in no case to be long absent from camp. Informed of the plan, the chief heartily concurred, and offered to send some of his ablest hunters to procure food for the party.

No sooner had they departed than Franklin himself set out on the nearest route to the Coppermine, accompanied by Dr. Richardson and three attendants, one of whom was old Kes Karrah, a famous Indian guide.

The party remaining in camp at once began lively preparations for winter quarters. Tents were set up. Huts were built. Animals were killed to furnish flesh for food and skins for clothing. Soon the needles of the three women were busy fashioning the latter. In a few days there appeared on the sterile, desolate plain a bustling little hamlet, which had sprung up almost as if by magic. The place was very appropriately named Fort Enterprise.

But how fared the absent exploring parties? Back and Hood reached the shore of Point Lake, through which flows the Coppermine, on the 1st of September. Skirting its brink to westward, and rounding a lofty promontory, they encamped for the night, with—a rare thing in that country—a

cluster of pine trees for neighbors, and for the first time enjoyed the luxury of a genial fire. Next morning their first duty was to learn if the lake sent an arm nearer the camp than the point upon which they stood, to which their supplies could be conveyed the following spring. This question settled, they encamped on the 6th, to observe an eclipse of the sun, which occurred on that day. A violent snow-storm interfered with the plan, and, retracing their course, they arrived at Fort Enterprise but a few days after Franklin and Richardson left the place.

At noon of the first day out, the latter company was traversing a country desolate in the extreme, but gemmed with numerous beautiful little lakes. The party carried but a scanty supply of bed-clothing, and most of them slept without undressing, sometimes lying, sometimes sitting, on the ground all night. Not so, however, did old Kes Karrah. Toasting himself thoroughly before the camp fire, he stripped to the skin, crept under his rags and deer-skin, coiled himself up like an opossum, and the next moment was sound asleep. Franklin and his band reached the Coppermine amid constantly-falling snow, with sprained ankles and swollen feet. But there the increasing rigor turned him back, and with his little company almost perishing from fatigue and hunger, he in a few days entered Fort Enterprise for the winter, most of his expedition having traveled over fifteen hundred miles since leaving Fort York in September.

## CHAPTER V.

### TO THE COPPERMINE, AND THE PERILOUS RETURN.



IN the latter part of June, 1821, Franklin and his company reached the Coppermine without accident or noteworthy adventure. Promptly they embarked upon the stream, bound for the polar ocean. During the descent of the river, the Chipewyans were invaluable as hunters for the expedition.

About July 15 the voyagers arrived at certain rapids of the Coppermine, concerning which their Indian guides had been fluent for several days, claiming they were impassable for canoes. There the stream makes a fall, three-quarters of a mile in length, through a deep, contracted channel, walled in by perpendicular cliffs between eighty and one hundred feet high. Pent up within this narrow chasm, the Coppermine dashes furiously around many sharp projecting columns, and at the northern exit pours itself out in one grand volume of foam. As it proved, the Chipewyans knew very little about the fall, for the canoes, being lightened of their loads, sped through the defile without injury.

The Coppermine is a remarkable stream. Its length is two hundred and fifty miles. It rises in

Lake Providence, flows nearly due north until just within the Arctic Circle; here it makes a wide detour to the west, then sweeps eastward and enters polar waters at the Duke of York Archipelago. The Coppermine courses through a wonderfully rugged region, several times expands into lakes, forms many cataracts and rapids, and is navigable only by small boats and canoes. It derives its name from mountains in its vicinity, which contain rich deposits of copper. From these hills the Copper Indians also get their title.

Franklin paid a visit to these mines, but the impossibility of navigating the river from Lake Providence to its mouth, and of obtaining material for smelting the metal, convinced him that, as a business enterprise, working the mines would be impracticable.

When approaching the Esquimau territory, the expedition advanced with great caution. Day and night vigilant watch was kept, the officers cheerfully taking their turn in the service. On one of these occasions, Dr. Richardson met with the following unique adventure. His was the first watch that night, and while seated upon a hill commanding a view of the river, his thoughts busy, perhaps, with scenes in far-off England, he heard a slight noise behind him. Turning quickly, he beheld, but a few feet from him, nine white wolves advancing in a semicircle, apparently with the intent of driving him into the stream. His gun was in his hand,

but he dared not fire lest there might be Esquimaux within hearing. As he sprang to his feet, the creatures halted. And upon his advancing toward them in a threatening manner, to his astonishment the column divided and courteously allowed him to return to camp.

The descent of the Coppermine was made very successfully, but the exploration of the country eastward from its mouth, and the return to the stream and thence back to Fort Enterprise, was an almost unbroken series of frightful privations, hardships, sufferings, and death.

July 21, with but fifteen days' provisions in their boats, they embarked upon the open water south of Wollaston Land, having for their objective point Repulse Bay—a northern arm of Hudson Bay—some six or seven hundred miles to the east. Ere-long they encountered fearful storms, in which their boats were perilously shattered. Soon, too, their provisions were nearly consumed. But the height of discouragement seemed to have been reached when their best boat sank, the crew and their scanty supplies barely escaping destruction.

When the sufferers gained the limit now known to all Arctic voyagers as Franklin's "Point Turn-again," the commander decided to put about, to steer at once for Arctic Sound, ascend Hoods River, and thence gain Fort Enterprise, their old winter quarters. But could they possibly accomplish it? The polar winter appeared to be already upon

them. They were in a land where their hunters found no game. But, despite threatening weather, disabled canoes, and destitute larder, they bravely pushed ahead until they turned into Hoods River.

Here the Canadians, overjoyed at having turned their backs upon the sea, whiled away their first evening in camp, good-humoredly rehearsing their terrible adventures. They had indeed exhibited great courage amid the dangers of the deep, but their very novelty magnified them in their estimation, if such a thing were possible.

Patching up the best canoes with the remains of the others, the expedition soon set out from the mouth of Hoods River for Fort Enterprise, one hundred and fifty miles distant. From that time onward no pen can portray the sufferings of the exhausted men. Scarcely had the dreadful journey begun ere a blinding snow-storm set in, so impeding their progress that they were compelled to encamp until it abated. Then, making an effort to proceed, Franklin fainted from hunger and exposure. He was soon restored, however, and partook of some portable soup, which his sympathizing men urged upon him.

The crew who carried the canoes were frequently blown down by the fierce winds. One of these mishaps was fatal to the best boat. It was shattered completely. Of it, then, a fire was soon made for cooking the remaining soup and arrowroot. Then, with their garments freezing upon their backs,

and their limbs trembling from lack of strength, they pressed forlornly on. Their last means of subsistence now was a species of lichen growing upon the rocks and frozen ground. This kept them alive, indeed, but was both unwholesome and debilitating.

On one of these bitter days, there occurred a little incident which proves how grandly self-denying some men can be in such hours of peril. Around a small fire stood Franklin and other officers shivering, and suffering keenly from the pangs of hunger, when Perrault, a Canadian, came up and offered each a piece of meat and a small amount of pemmican which he had saved from his own scant allowance. Of that act Franklin wrote: "The food was received with great thankfulness. Such an instance of self-denial and kindness filled our eyes with tears."

Somewhat later, the expedition came upon a branch of the Coppermine of such width and swiftness as to render fording it an impossibility. A strong raft had, therefore, to be constructed. In their famished condition, this work required several days. When completed, to their dismay it was found to be useless. They could not get it across the stream. Then was made another display of self-sacrifice, such as we shall have frequent occasion to record in this book.

Dr. Richardson offered to swim across the river and carry with him a line by which the raft could

be drawn over. With the rope around his waist, he plunged into the stream. He had nearly reached the opposite bank when his arms stiffened with cold and became incapable of motion. Quickly turning upon his back, he persevered; but now his legs also became powerless, and, to the horror of his friends, he began to sink. Instantly hauling upon the line, they brought him to the surface and carefully drew him to shore, "in an almost lifeless state."

Rolling him up in blankets, they placed him before a brisk fire of willows, and soon he was able to give brief directions for his treatment. By evening he was able to be conveyed to his tent. Here it was found that the entire left side was incapable of feeling, in consequence of too sudden exposure to strong heat on coming from the icy water. Not until the following summer did the doctor recover from that prostration. The feelings of the party on seeing his skeleton figure, no words can express. An extract from his journal vividly paints the condition of the party at that date.

"At any former period of my life I should have had little hesitation in plunging into water—even below 38° Fahrenheit. But at this time I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and, like the rest of the party, suffered from degrees of cold which, in my former health and vigor, would have been disregarded. During our entire march, we experienced that no amount of clothing kept us warm when we



fasted; but when we were able to go to bed with full stomachs, we passed the night warm and comfortable."

The transit was accomplished at last, but every member of the expedition moved onward in deep mental gloom. Hood, Back, and Richardson were lame and had little strength. The hardier Canadians were slightly more vigorous, but had no hope of leaving the wilderness alive. Nevertheless, Franklin and eight of the men now decided to push on more rapidly. Three of the party died almost immediately. Franklin succeeded in reaching Fort Enterprise, but found neither inmates nor provisions.

Eighteen days later, Back and Dr. Richardson came in. Mr. Hood, three Canadians, and one Indian set out together. Shortly after, Mr. Hood's body was found, with indications that he had been murdered. His Canadian companions were never seen again, while Michael, the Indian guide, came up strong and lively. It was at once surmised that he had saved his own life by slaying the others and feasting upon their bodies. This suspicion being confirmed, Dr. Richardson promptly shot him.

The only meat tasted for six weeks, by the last party arriving at the Fort, was a partridge killed by Hepburn. "Soup made out of old bones and dry skin was considered a luxury. Indeed, parts of their boots and clothing had been consumed during the march."

Several more of the still imperiled party perished before assistance arrived. Communication was soon made with the posts of the great fur companies, where the utmost kindness was shown the pitiable unfortunates. At one of the forts, Franklin and his officers were compelled to tarry some days before they could resume the homeward journey. They were tortured with rheumatism. Their feet and limbs were sore and badly swollen. At length they were so far restored as to be able to proceed. And all, with the exception of the murdered Hood, reached England safely in the summer of 1822.



## CHAPTER VI.

### SECOND VOYAGE OF FRANKLIN.



NCE again on English soil, Franklin, Fane, and Richardson were fêted as cordially and as lavishly as has recently been Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer. A round of dinners and receptions was given in their honor, and everywhere they were congratulated for what they had accomplished, endured, and survived.

Did we not know that one such terrible ordeal seldom deters men from again facing the agonies and horrors, we should expect to read that to induce the British Admiralty to order a vessel to draw Franklin again to the Arctic world. The facts were far different. The desire for reliable information relating to those strange and impenetrable regions was at that time intense. The probability that the Northwest Passage so long talked about possessed some commercial value was more than ever believed in by the trading houses, and they determined to know its actual value if cost and money could ascertain it.

Accordingly, by 1825, we find the Admiralty more busy fitting out an expedition to explore the northern coast of America and search for a route.

vanced to the rank of captain, chosen as its leader. Dr. Richardson also came forward and offered his services as surgeon. The Admiralty knew his value, and gladly accepted him. Just at this time, Lieutenant Back came home from the West Indies, and he too was promptly enrolled. Lieutenant Kendall, an eminent civil engineer, was engaged to aid in the technical work.

Great care was taken so to equip this expedition as to avoid, as far as possible, the distressing details of the former. The boats for the service were built at Woolwich, with especial reference to resisting shocks among icebergs, and under the minute supervision of Franklin. Earl Bathurst was then lord of the Admiralty. His directions to Franklin we briefly subjoin, that the reader—with the aid of his map—may know the ground they covered.

The entire party was to reach the interior of America that summer, 1825. Somewhere on the Mackenzie River it was to establish winter quarters. The winter could be spent in exploring and surveying such of the important lakes, rivers, and mountains of the region as had not already been examined. Early in the spring of 1826, the party was to be in readiness to start for the mouth of the Mackenzie. Arrived there, Franklin, Lieutenant Back, and a detail of men were to explore the coast westward from the great river, until he should meet a co-operating party arriving from Behring Strait.

Meantime, Doctor Richardson, Lieutenant Ken-

dall, and the remainder of the men were to proceed eastward from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine, accomplishing similar work. Thus would be made an unbroken, and almost complete, survey of the north coast of America. And thus would be accomplished the preliminary step toward proving the existence of a northwest passage from Baffin Bay to Behring Strait.

On the day after Captain Franklin left England, to carry out these orders in the icy wilds of America, the first Mrs. Franklin died. She had for some time been quite ill; still she urged him to sail on the day appointed by the Admiralty. When the news of his bereavement reached Franklin, he is said to have concealed his sorrow to the utmost, that he "might not depress the spirits of his officers and men by his sad countenance."

The expedition was duly conveyed to Hudson Bay—the crew and boats entirely by water, the officers by land from New York—and on June 29 the whole company met on Methye River, twelve hundred miles in the interior. Traversing this stream—remarkable for its shoals and swift current—they sped on, and once more Franklin, Back, and Richardson found themselves at Fort Chipewyan, on July 15. Here the commander considerably increased his stores, and engaged the services of several Indians who had proved themselves especially faithful on his previous journey.

Some time now remaining before winter would

set in, Franklin at once proceeded to carry out a plan he had cherished ever since leaving England. He promptly conducted his entire expedition to the Mackenzie. Thence he dispatched Richardson across to the Coppermine to locate on that stream a favorable point, which he would endeavor to reach upon his return from his exploring trip the coming summer. Meanwhile, Franklin himself, with a picked party, descended the Mackenzie to the sea, that he might acquaint himself with the dangers of the way before leading the whole party down in the spring.

His journey was an eventful one, but attended with success. He thus describes his arrival at the coast: "Immediately upon reaching the sea, I caused to be hoisted the silk flag which my deeply-lamented wife had made and presented to me as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled until the expedition reached the sea. I will not attempt to describe my emotions as it expanded to the breeze. However natural and irresistible, I felt it was my duty to suppress them; that I had no right, by indulgence of my own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of my companions. Joining, therefore, with the best grace I could, I endeavored to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratulations upon having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the polar sea."

As the autumn drew nigh, both companies re-

traced their way to the point selected for winter quarters. Here warm huts of wood and stone were erected, and every measure adopted to render life through the winter as cheerful and comfortable as possible. "This spot was named Fort Franklin, after the gallant leader of the expedition."

When settled for the winter, the command numbered about fifty persons—"five officers, nineteen British seamen, mariners, and voyagers, nine Canadians, two Esquimaux, three women, seven children, one Indian lad, and several infirm Indians requiring temporary support."

In harmony with the instructions of the Admiralty, the winter was spent in exploring and surveying the adjacent lakes and mountains, and in making topographical sketches of the country. Of all this work Dr. Richardson usually had the charge. And his geographical reports for that winter have become classic.

Summer, 1826, found them descending the noble Mackenzie, which, near its mouth, divides into two main streams. Upon reaching the point of divergence, Franklin encamped for one night, especially to afford the parties about to separate an opportunity to utter their farewells, as in the morning they were to descend to the sea by different arms of the river. Franklin's wise generalship had produced among the members of his expedition a warm feeling of friendship. The evening, therefore, was whiled away in a spirit of great cheerfulness and cordiality.

The morning came, and with hopeful hearts each company went its way. This time their boats, thanks to the British shipwrights, proved to be exactly what was required. Through all the perils of storm, wind, and ice, they bore their heroic crews without a single fatal disaster. Faithfully did Franklin explore every bay, river, inlet, cape, and mountain as far westward as he went, but found not one safe and commodious harbor. He did, however, discover that in that high latitude the Rocky Mountains are not a continuous, solitary chain, but a series of parallel ranges, of varying length and altitude. On one occasion Franklin's party came in collision with the Esquimaux of the coast in a manner which threatened to be very serious. Some of his men happened to upset an Indian kyak, plunging its occupant into the water, with a fair prospect of his drowning. Happily, he was quickly rescued, taken into Franklin's boat, wrapped in the great coat of the Esquimaux interpreter, and his kyak speedily emptied of water.

For a while the fellow was extremely irate, but finally cooling in temper, he glanced about the boat and discovered some bales of goods and other desirable articles carefully concealed from view, and forthwith wanted everything he saw. Upon being refused, he manifested no trifling displeasure, and with a sullen air departed, doubtless to tell his tribe a grievous tale, for soon a vigorous effort was made to dispossess Franklin of the merchandise. There



happened a moment when several canoe loads of natives were near him. \* Suddenly, then, two stalwart Esquimaux sprang into his boat, seized him by the wrists, and held him seated between them.

A third mighty fellow took position in front of him, ready to grasp his hands should he attempt to lift his gun or use the dagger at his side. As the boat proceeded to shore, the Indians continually tapped Franklin on the left breast, every time uttering the word "teyma." As they neared the beach, there approached two oomiaks—large Esquimaux boats—filled with women, when multiplied shouts rent the air. All the boats and canoes having been brought to shore, the natives, including those who held Franklin, leaped upon the beach, took their canoes from the water, and deposited them a little distance from the shore.

Stripping themselves to the waist, and drawing their knives, the Indians now sprang to the Reliance—the larger of the boats—and began a regular system of plundering, passing the goods to lines of women formed behind the men, who quickly spirited them out of sight.

Immediately, then, "Lieutenant Back ordered the muskets to be drawn upon them, but not to be fired until the word of command." This warlike display had the desired effect, and the plunderers disappeared like morning dew.

Afterward these children of the snow naively gave as a reason for their extremely self-helpful

ways that "they had never before seen white men, and, finding so many things they desired, they could not resist the temptation of transferring them to their own possession."

It was Franklin's intention to reach Behring Strait, or to at least proceed far enough westward to meet a party under Captain Beechy, who was supposed to be approaching him from that direction. But having thoroughly explored about four hundred miles of coast—to the 150th meridian—in spite of storms and obstacles, and meeting no traces of Beechy, he decided, as the summer was nearly spent, to return to the Mackenzie. Two considerations impelled him to this choice. The Admiralty had instructed him to retrace his course at a certain time. This was now nearly at hand.

Besides, the mountains along the coast were believed to be inhabited by a tribe of Indians of whose savage barbarity the Esquimaux gave blood-curdling accounts. Upon learning that white men were in the region, with valuable stores, they had formed a plan to destroy the men and get possession of the coveted property, a thing the fierce and powerful warriors could easily accomplish. Franklin, therefore, prudently sought the mouth of the great river.

But how fared Dr. Richardson, who had sped away eastward? His success had been surprising. He had explored the coast from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine, and much of the interior. He

had collected fifteen hundred specimens of Arctic floral and animal life, many of which had never before been classified. His report of his voyage, delightfully full and complete, gave great satisfaction to both Franklin and the Admiralty. Says Captain Richard Perry: "Dr. Richardson's uniform justice, untiring perseverance, and great nautical wisdom, did much to render Franklin's expeditions successful. His foresight was seen in all he undertook. His party always found in him an example of diligence and manly courtesy."

Richardson joined Franklin in the interior, and spent the winter in Canada. In the summer of 1827 the party returned to England, having achieved success beyond the expectation of the public.



## CHAPTER VII.

### LAST VOYAGE OF FRANKLIN.



PASSING by the second and third expeditions of Sir Edward Parry; the voyage under William Frederick Beechy; the second Arctic trip of Sir John Ross, with his famous nephew, Captain, afterward Sir James Clark Ross, as his second in command; together with the expedition under Captain Back, accompanied by the scholarly Dr. Richardson, who once more volunteered to serve in the capacity of naturalist among the northlands; and that of Captains Dease and Simpson in 1837—all narratives replete with thrilling experiences—we come to Franklin's last and fatal voyage, in 1845.

After the American war of 1812, Franklin was advanced successively to the positions of lieutenant, captain, and rear-admiral in the Royal Navy. He was also knighted, and elected a member of the Royal Society, as already stated. Later he was made a member of the French Geographical Society, and a corresponding member of the Institute of France. Finally he was appointed governor of Tasmania.

*In 1845 the British Admiralty determined to*

made another attempt to find the entrance to the west passage. Leaving Eschscholtz, they had sailed for a year. Since that time, however, the Admiralty was looking upon it as a matter of the national importance to find Franklin and to turn him from his voyage back home. As he was informed of the new project, he returned, and being the senior Arctic explorer, he was at once enlisted in its service.

No sooner was this intention known to the Admiralty than it began to select the best man for the expedition. "But," said the Admiralty, "then its head." "I might find a good man," said John, "for not leaving you go on the voyage, which informs me that you are not going, and may well be content to see me go."

"No, in my mind," returned John, "I am not fifty-five" before the project was abandoned. They were vain. The Admiralty was forced to give up him, and promptly accepted.

The vessels of the expedition were the ship *Ermine*, which carried the expedition, and the *Terra*, commanded by Lieut. Ross, "who had but recently returned from his voyage on his wonderful voyage to the Arctic seas."

Every provision was made for the expedition, thoughtfulness and experience were sought. A crew of over one hundred men was selected from the very cream of the English navy. Among the

chief officers were Lieutenants Gore and Fitzjames, men of genius and skill in nautical affairs. The vessels were amply provisioned for three years.

The expedition left England in May. July 3, near Disco, Greenland, the small craft which accompanied the ships received the final letters of the officers and crews for friends at home. The latter part of July the *Erebus* and *Terror* were seen by a whaler, who described them as "moored to an iceberg, waiting for a chance to enter Baffin Bay." "From that day," says a writer, "until this, not one of that gallant band has ever been seen alive. And not until years had passed away was anything definite known concerning their fate."

From the instructions of the Admiralty, and from scanty records left by the lost explorers, one can trace the course of Franklin with something like certainty, after he actually entered upon the object of his enterprise. From the point where he was last seen—by the whalers from Melville Bay—he passed into and through Lancaster Sound to the southern entrance of Wellington Channel, discovered by Parry in 1819.

Up that passage sailed the *Erebus* and *Terror* a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, reaching, in the autumn of 1845, the latitude gained eight years afterward by the ships *Assistance* and *Pioneer*. At this point all is dark as to Franklin's purpose. Whether he intended to push further northward *and* was checked by impenetrable ice, at latitude

77°, or deliberately turned from a route which led far from the known seas of the northern shore, no one can tell. But records found state that, having completed the examination of Wellington Channel to its head, the expedition turned southward and re-entered Barrow Strait by the channel separating Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands. (See map, if you would trace the course of this most ill-fated expedition.)

From having already surveyed much of the northern coast of America, Franklin firmly believed, as did M'Clintock after him, that the most feasible route from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay near that shore. Moreover, it was his opinion that no ship could ever make the passage in a higher latitude. Furthermore, when Franklin left England on this trip, there remained, to complete the discovery of the Northwest Passage, simply the space between Parry's explorations on the east and his own on the west. It is therefore believed that, to accomplish this, he now steered for the southwest; that he passed down Peels Strait, in 1846, to latitude 70° 5' north, longitude 98° 23' west, where, as is known, the ships were beset.

"This strait communicates directly," says Captain Parry, "with the sea in which Franklin met his death, and, in connection with his previous explorations, make him the first discoverer of the Northwest Passage. But long before Franklin's route became known, the dauntless Captain M'Clure had

found a different passage. For this achievement his name has been distinguished. "Yet," asserts the same writer, "M'Clure's claim must not be suffered to detract from the fame of men who forged the last link with their lives."

The lost explorers had been a year and a half in Arctic waters before any serious uneasiness was felt on their account. Then thought began to turn toward them. Soon, at a council of naval officers, their long silence was talked over, and, it was decided that, should no news of them arrive within a limited time, a searching party should be sent out. As almost every English reader now knows, from that date forward the British Government fitted up and sent out, at vast outlay of money, vessel after vessel to determine Franklin's fate. Lady Franklin herself spent the greater part of her private fortune in the anxious search, and finally the United States nobly joined in the work through the three Grinnell expeditions.

The history of all these searching parties fills many volumes. To the more notable of them we devote the remainder of this little volume. Unavoidably, the various accounts must be pressed into the smallest possible space. But they will present the deeds of heroes; will show that in this nineteenth century have lived men willing to brave any danger, endure any suffering, to succor other men from peril.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST FRIGATE



ABOUT 11 AM THE FRIGATE WAS RECOVERED BY A SHIP MASTER. (The ship was near base of the mountain peak of Davis Strait. Here the transport vessel and its companions were again well supplied with stores, and sent back to base. As we have already said, she conveyed to their friends the last letters received from any of the party. A few paragraphs from a letter penned by Lieutenant Patterson to the brothers indicate the negotiations and social surroundings experienced when at the door of their undertaking. We condense.

"We are anchored in a narrow channel between two islands, protected on all sides by land, as convenient a place for our purpose as could possibly be found. With the transport alongside, we are most actively transferring her stores to the two ships.

"Of our prospects we know little, but we look forward to our reaching 72°, where we are likely to meet the first obstructions, if any exist. On board we are as comfortable as possible. I need hardly tell you how much we are delighted with our captain. By his amiable manner and kindness,

he has won the respect and love of every person on board. His influence is always employed for some good purpose, among both officers and men. A more agreeable set of officers could hardly be found. Sir John is in much better health than when we left England, and really looks ten years younger. He takes an active part in everything that goes on, and from his long experience is a most valuable adviser."

A letter of the same date, from Franklin to Colonel Sabine, says: "I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be anxious should we not return at the time appointed. I must beg of you to give them the benefit of your advice and experience when that time arrives. For you well know that without success in our object, even *after the second winter*, we should wish to try some other channel, if our provisions and the health of our crews justify it."

After weighing all the suggestions made to them by Arctic travelers, when the anxiety became great, the lords of the Admiralty determined to dispatch three searching parties to the polar seas, one to Lancaster Sound, a second down the Mackenzie River, a third *via* Behring Strait.

Command of the expedition by way of the Mackenzie was given to the intrepid voyager, Dr. Richardson. Four times, in company with Franklin, had he traversed the interior of North America, from Canada to the Arctic shore. No other man living was so familiar with its network of dangerous lakes and rivers.

At Dr. Richardson's suggestion, John Rae was selected as his second in command. Mr. Rae had resided fifteen years on Prince Ruperts Land. He knew how to turn to advantage the resources of the way, and how best to provide against the severity of the climate. He was an expert hunter; was

familiar with the instruments used for determining latitude, longitude, and the variations of the magnetic needle; besides, he was an experienced explorer.

Late in March, 1848, Richardson and Rae left Liverpool, and landed in New York April 10; thence they pressed northward to Lake Champlain, up the St. Lawrence, through the great chain of lakes, and onward to Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan River. As they journeyed, Richardson made careful researches in botany and geology. He kept an accurate record of every day's proceedings, and described every new object discovered. Listen to his chat about one of the feathered songsters of that land of lakes and streams:—

"Constantly, day and night, since June 1, the song of the *Fringilla leucophrys* has been heard; and so loudly, in the stillness of the night, as to at first deprive us of rest. It whistles the first bar of "Oh dear! what can the matter be?" in as clear tones as if played on a piccolo fife. At first, the distinctness of its notes rendered them very pleasing, but as the bird haunted us up to the very Arctic Circle, and its songs were loudest at midnight, we sometimes wished the cheerful warbler would time its serenade better. It is a curious illustration of the indifference of the natives to every creature which does not contribute to their comfort, that neither Iroquois nor Chipewyans knew the *Fringilla* by sight. After a little we were able to identify the songster, and its breeding-place."

June 23 found Richardson and his party at Methye Portage. Here, after a most exasperating delay, he managed to get his supplies, boats, instruments, and clothing transported fourteen miles to the next navigable water. He found that his European helpers could carry only ninety pounds of bag-

gage, while the practical Canadians could convey twice that weight on long portages, and even more for short ones.

July 31 witnessed Richardson's arrival at Point Separation—the dividing of the Mackenzie—where years before his own and Franklin's parties had halted to say farewell. Here he buried, at a distance of ten feet from the largest tree on the point, a case of pemmican and a bottle of memoranda, for the benefit of either of the other parties should they reach the Mackenzie. Here, too, as he thought of that cheerful parting scene of 1826, and of the now uncertain fate of his chief in that expedition, the doctor must have been spurred to hasten his search. Once more listen to his words:—

“We were then full of joyous anticipations of the discoveries that lay in our paths. Our crews were elated with the hope of making their fortunes by the reward promised those who should navigate the Arctic seas up to certain meridians. When we pushed off the beach, on the morning of July 4, 1826, we cheered each other with hearty good-will and no misgivings. Sir John's party fell short of the parliamentary distance. Mine accomplished it; but the authorities decided that the reward was not intended for *boats* but for *ships*.”

The cache completed, Richardson re-embarked and started down the eastern bank of the Mackenzie, keeping a strict watch for Esquimaux. His previous experience had taught him that at this season of the year they were sure to be on the coast. And he was not mistaken. Soon out from the shore, but a little distance ahead of his party, shot a fleet of kyaks and oomiaks conveying about one hundred Indians. Richardson kept his boats close together, to prevent the Esquimaux from

overcoming any one of them, should they be so disposed. Richardson and Rae conducted a lively barter with them, exchanging all manner of iron implements for their rude productions.

Finally, Richardson closed the interview and moved eastward along the coast, landing frequently and making thorough examination for the lost fleet. He had ardently hoped to reach the Coppermine and thence to cross over and explore Wollaston Land ere the summer was spent, but early in September new ice began to form, checking his advance. Thus, to the intense regret of every man of the company, was its leader forced to consider his sea voyage ended while yet some distance from the Coppermine.

Dr. Richardson was very desirous of leaving his boats somewhere along that stream, that they might be readily accessible the next summer. But he was compelled to leave them where he was, and retrace his course by land to Fort Confidence, where a Mr. Bell, whom he had left at Methye Portage, was supposed to have ready winter quarters for the voyagers.

Once more burying quantities of pemmican and ammunition near the points where the boats were to be left, the company started southward, carrying the utmost weight their strength would admit. Arriving at the fort on the 15th, they found, to their joy, that Mr. Bell had ready "an ample storehouse, two houses for the men, and a comfortable abode for Richardson and Rae." Immediately, then, letters and dispatches were sent down to the British settlements to be forwarded to England.

The winter was passed at Fort Confidence. Summer came. All hope of finding the boats left on the northern coast seemed futile. At the fort there was but one craft which could be employed

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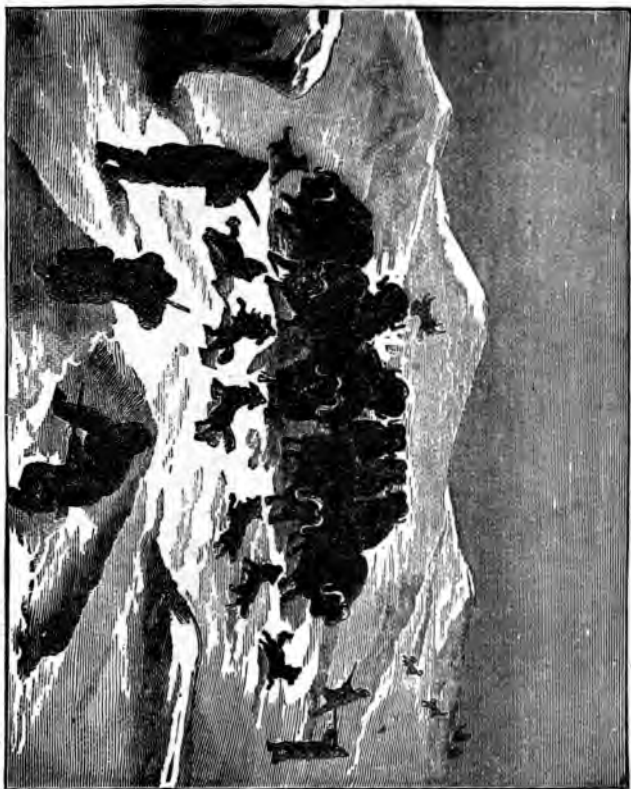
for the service. Under these circumstances it became an important question which of the leading officers should conduct the small party it would convey. Nobly laying aside every personal hope and ambition, Dr. Richardson gave the command to Mr. Rae. His zeal and ability were above all doubt; he was in the prime of life; he was active to an extreme; his judgment seemed to be always correct; he understood the tricks of the red men.

During the winter, Mr. Rae had industriously explored the country between the fort and the Coppermine. In April he transported to an affluent of that stream, provisions, boat stores, and other needful articles, to be ready the moment the ice should break up. There also he left a party of men to kill musk-ox and reindeer, and to cure their flesh for use the next summer. It was mid-summer before the rivers were clear of ice; yet July 15th found him at the sea, where "every channel was still packed with impenetrable ice."

However, when able to advance, though but slowly, he made for the inlet where Richardson had left his boats in the autumn. He found them much injured by the ice, and with much of the wood-work torn away by the Esquimaux, in searching for the iron and copper used in their construction. But the tents, oil-cloths, and portions of the sails were intact and of great value to Mr. Rae. The cache of pemmican and powder was undisturbed.

Not far from this point, while struggling to reach a locality from which Wollaston Land could be searched for Franklin, the progress of the party was utterly checked by solid hummock ice. Pitching their tents upon the top of a cliff, the men impatiently waited for open water. Their detention was long and very exasperating. Several southerly

BRITISH WILD BIRDS



gales occurred, but the obstinate ice held its ground. Sometimes a narrow lead of water a mile in length would appear. Immediately everything would be made ready for a start, when the ice would again unite, detaining the party upon the cliff.

Thus, day after day, the white covering of the sea moved slightly with the tide until August 19, when, off to seaward, a considerable open space appeared. After some hours, an ugly-looking pack near shore also started on a cruise, and immediately Rae pushed off. Meeting with several hair-breadth escapes, they were finally free and could use the oars to some purpose. They pulled away a number of miles, when lo! right before them lay a stream of densely-packed ice, through which no boat could pass. They returned to shore dejected and weary. Next day there sprang up a stiff wind from the northeast, "and in four hours not a perch of open water was visible—nothing but one vast sheet of white, solid drift-ice."

The summer had fled. Winter stood ready to step upon the scene. There was no alternative but to ascend the Coppermine and retreat to Fort Confidence. This, Rae set about doing. "His mortification over his failure to reach Wollaston Land was extreme." Appreciating his merit, however, the British Government approved his course.

In the ascent of the Coppermine an incident occurred which greatly intensified Mr. Rae's chagrin. At what are known as "Bloody Falls," the first of a series of intricate and dangerous rapids in that stream, it was thought best to tow their worn and weak boat close to the bank until the more perilous cascades were passed. This was done; but there remained one short fall over which even a loaded boat might readily pass. Here the steersman ap-




pears to have been seized with an unaccountable panic. He called upon those towing the boat to slack the line. No sooner was this done than he leaped upon the shore, followed by the man in the bow. The craft then whirled into the current, the line broke, and the boat darted down the stream.

Rae and his interpreter, a young man named Albert, a person "highly esteemed for his activity, amiable disposition, and rare goodness," ran back and stood waiting at points near which the boat must pass. Misunderstanding an order given him by Mr. Rae, the young Esquimau sprang into the boat as it approached, and was swept away. A little below, the frail thing dashed against some rocks, when Albert was thrown out and sank, not to rise again. His loss was deeply regretted.

Let us now see how Dr. Richardson was employed during this summer. Before Mr. Rae's departure for the mouth of the Coppermine, Dr. Richardson was on his way to Fort Franklin, on the west side of Great Bear Lake, his purpose being to descend Bear Lake River to its confluence with the Mackenzie, and to ascend the latter to Great Slave Lake. The trip to that point was uneventful, as was his journey through the remainder of British America and Canada. Richardson's expedition arrived in Liverpool November 6, 1849, having been absent nineteen months, without discovering a single trace of the lost navigators.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SECOND EXPEDITION TO FIND FRANKLIN.

HE second of the three expeditions sent out in 1848, in search of Sir John Franklin, and the one regarded by the Admiralty as most promising of success, was that destined to Lancaster Sound, and under the command of Sir James C. Ross. It was to follow the route of Franklin, search diligently every coast for tokens of the ships or the men, and if possible provide them relief.

The limits of this volume preclude our inserting Sir James Ross' plan for finding the missing men. His views on the subject were solicited by the Admiralty, and a mere glance at the paper he submitted shows with what grasp of the difficult the managers of the British Navy devised their Arctic schemes.

The elaborate preparations for this expedition were completed in June, 1848. The fleet consisted of the ships *Investigator* and *Enterprise*, with a transport for each. The *Enterprise* carried the commander's pennant, and there sailed with him Lieutenants M'Clure, M'Clintock, and Browne. Captain E. J. Bird was the first officer of the *Investigator*.

The vessels left England June 12. On July 6, they were at the Danish settlement of Upernavik, on an island of the Woman's group, near the eastern coast of Baffin Bay. Sailing from that port,

they spent several days amid great perils by ice-floes, in crossing to Pond Inlet, on the north coast of Baffin Land. Here they kept close to shore and made repeated signals, but no signs of Esquimaux or other human beings appeared. August 26, the fleet arrived off Possession Bay, a general rendezvous for ships in Arctic waters. Ross now sent a party ashore to ascertain if there were any tokens of Sir John Franklin. Nothing was found except a paper recording the visit of Sir Edward Parry, twenty-nine years before that very day—August 30, 1819.

Westward from Possession Bay the coast was most diligently searched. The first of September found the ships at Cape York, Lancaster Sound, where prominent landmarks were set up, to attract parties who might have to trace Ross himself.

Ross says: "We now stood over toward Cape Northeast, encountering a pack of ice too dense to invade, lying between us and Leopold Island. We therefore coasted the northern shore of Barrow Strait, examining every inlet, as we sought a harbor further westward. We got near to the entrance of Wellington Channel, but the firm barrier of ice stretching across it had not been broken this season. In that direction, therefore, all was impracticable. We now stood to the southwest, seeking a harbor near Cape Rennell, but met a compact mass of ice extending from Cornwallis Land to Leopold Island. As we coasted along the pack—weather stormy and foggy—we had difficulty in keeping the ships free during the night. I believe there was never before so great a quantity of ice seen in Barrow Strait at this season of the year."

At last the vast pack opened sufficiently to allow the ships to pass through safely. On the 11th of

September, Ross entered Leopold Harbor, at the junction of the four great channels (see map), Barrow Strait, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, and one of the most desirable winter retreats in all Arctic waters. Here, in case Franklin had abandoned his ships, and should seek to return to Baffin Bay through any of these passages, he could not fail to perceive the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*.

"The very next day, the acres of rough ice closed in with the land, completely sealing the mouth of the harbor." The long Arctic night was hurrying on, therefore preparations for life through the winter were immediately begun. October 12 found the ships' company ready to see the sun drop below the horizon. The winter was spent in diligently searching every inlet of the coast, far and near, for traces of the lost ships and men.

Captain Ross well knew that men suffering from hunger in that latitude would be very apt to hunt the white Arctic fox for food. It occurred to him to make these animals his messengers to Franklin. He therefore inscribed upon copper collars information concerning his ships, and the location of certain depots of provisions he had established. Then, catching a number of the foxes, he clinched the collars about their necks and released them.

Years before, Parry employed a similar plan. But instead of the Arctic fox, he made the Arctic people his heralds. To the Esquimaux of the coast he presented medals stamped with certain data, with the thought that should a rescuing party follow him, some of the coins might fall into its hands.

Captain Ross, Lieutenant M'Clintock, and a party of twelve devoted April and May to examining all the northern and western indentations of

Boothia Peninsula, where a ship could find shelter. From a high elevation, Ross could survey a vast space of frozen sea west and north. In all the wide view no vestige of a ship could be seen. Near the narrow isthmus which unites Boothia with the main coast, he erected a prominent cairn of stones and returned to his ship, the men being so worn by fatigue that "for weeks every one was in the hands of the doctor."

During Ross' absence, Captain Bird had dispatched exploring parties in several directions. The north shore of Barrow Strait and both coasts of Prince Regent Inlet were closely scrutinized. It was an interesting circumstance that when not far from Fury Beach—so called because there Sir Edward Parry abandoned his ship *Fury*, August 25, 1825—Lieutenant Robinson, conducting the third party, found still standing the house in which Sir John Ross passed the terrible winter of 1832-33, and found also a quantity of stores and provisions belonging to a ship lost in 1827.

Upon being opened, the packages of flour, meat, peas, etc., were found to be perfectly preserved. "The portable soup was as wholesome as when first manufactured." Twenty-one years had that trusty custodian, old Boreas, held these British goods under his icy lock and key. All the parties sent out by Captain Bird suffered exceedingly from weakness, snow-blindness, and sprained ankles.

By these excursions the whole of Prince Regent Inlet, all of the Gulf of Boothia—omitting one hundred and sixty miles between Fury Beach and Lord Mayor Bay—had been faithfully surveyed without yielding a trace of Franklin. Ross, therefore, determined to press toward the west the moment his ships were free, concluding that Franklin must

have advanced so far beyond Melville Island as to prefer to make the continent of America rather than to seek aid from the whalers in Baffin Bay.

The reference to Fury Beach calls to mind some interesting items of Esquimau intelligence recorded by Parry during his sojourn at Winter Island in 1822. There had settled down upon the island, for the winter, something like two miles from the ship, a party of about sixty natives. We introduce an account of them here because the thread of our narrative brings us not far from the locality, and because we have been compelled to omit entirely that expedition under Parry.

Early one day a party of the Esquimaux visited the ships, giving their commander an agreeable surprise. Upon their return to their village, a number of Englishmen accompanied them. The dwellings were constructed entirely of snow and ice. They were entered by creeping through two low passages, each having its arched doorway. Beyond these was a small circular apartment, with an arched dome for the roof. From this, three larger arches led to as many apartments, one opposite the entrance, and one at each side.

On a bed, at the side of each apartment, sat the woman whose home it was, with her little fire-place—or lamp—and all her domestic utensils around her. As the white men entered, the children hid behind their mothers and slyly peeped out at the visitors. Each side room was itself a perfect dome, built up of separate blocks of snow, laid with great precision, and with no slight skill, the blocks being so shaped as to form a strong arch from seven to eight feet in height at the center.

A circular window of ice, nicely fitted into the roof of each apartment, lighted the remarkable



ESKIMAU SNOW HUTS. .

structures. At first the gentlemen were astonished at the cleanliness of these homes. They learned afterward that it was due chiefly to the fact that they were new. Still the tribe was believed to be neater in habits than most Esquimaux.

In their domestic relations love and tenderness were very apparent. For instance: A lad declined every inducement of the officers to leave his parents "because it would make them cry." It was observed, also, when, at one time, their stock of food was much reduced, and the ships' bounty was extended to them for a few days, that the parents invariably hastened home to feed their little ones before satisfying their own appetite.

Parry grew enthusiastic over a youth whose marvelous quickness in learning "would have made him a famous scholar in England." A girl in the same family also won his attention by her intelligence and her taste for music. Iligliuk learned English readily and became the interpreter for her tribe. Observing that she understood what is meant by the cardinal points of the compass, Parry designated them on a sheet of paper, then marked a point to represent the location of the ships, and asked Iligliuk to finish drawing the coast and to "do it small."

Thereupon, her face assuming an expression of mingled attention and understanding, she drew the coast of the continent, beyond her own region, as trending nearly north from Winter Island. "But the most important part remained to be done, and could anyone have seen the earnest solicitude exhibited in our faces," wrote Parry, "as we stood watching the tracings of her pencil, he would certainly have been amused. Imagine, therefore, our astonishment and pleasure when Iligliuk, without



lifting her pencil from the paper, drew the continental coast short around toward the west, and a little afterward toward the southeast, actually approaching within a few days' travel of Repulse Bay."

Thus the bright girl had sketched Melville Peninsula, showing the passage now called Fury and Hecla Strait. Midway between the western coast of the peninsula and Repulse Bay, she located a lake of considerable extent, having several small streams connecting it with both the northern and the southern seas. Upon being requested by Parry to continue the coast line southward to Wager River, which the reader will find pouring into Rowes Welcome about one hundred miles south of Winter Island, Iligliuk instantly dropped the pencil and declared she knew no more about it.

In order to do justice to the splendid party under Sir James Ross, at this stage in their cruise, we must portray their herculean efforts to liberate their ships in the summer of 1849. The crews of both vessels, exhausted by the extreme toil of their searching excursions from the beginning of April to August, were utterly unfitted to undertake the labor now assigned them.

Every man with strength sufficient to handle an ax or a saw was placed upon the ice to open a passage to the point of Leopold Harbor. The distance was over two miles. Through extraordinary exertion, the channel was made, and on August 28, the vessels cleared. Before their departure, however, a building was erected and covered with such of the ships' housing as could well be spared. Within it were left fuel, stores, and provisions for twelve months' subsistence for a large party. Furthermore, at a safe point near was moored the

steam launch of the Investigator, a fine little craft capable of conveying Sir John Franklin's entire party to a snug harbor with the whalers in Baffin Bay.

This done, Ross headed for the north shore of Barrow Strait, to see what Wellington Channel would reveal, and thence to push on west of Melville Island. But, unhappily, when but twelve miles from shore, the ships came upon heavy land-ice. They struggled to get through the pack, advancing westward. Suddenly a strong wind sprung up, drove against them the loose ice they had left, and firmly hemmed them in. For days they could not move. Occasionally the surging ice nipped them cruelly. It piled up around them in towering hummocks. It threatened to overwhelm them and send them to the bottom. Listen to Sir James as he tells the story of the days they spent in the grasp of their enemy:—

“For some days we were so situated that we could not unship the rudder. And when by laborious sawing and removing the hummocks, we were able to do so, we found it twisted and damaged. The ship was so strained as to increase the leakage from three inches in a fortnight to fourteen daily! Pressure had so folded the lighter pieces of ice upon each other, and so interlaced them, as to form one continuous sheet from shore to shore of Barrow Strait, and as far eastward and westward as the eye could discern from the mast-head.

“In the space we had cleared for unshipping the rudder, new ice quickly formed fifteen inches thick, while at some points along the ship's side the thirteen-foot screws were too short to work. We now saw that the vessels were really held for another winter, and, dreary as was the prospect, it was

infinitely preferable to being driven along the west coast of Baffin Bay, where icebergs, firmly grounded in the shallow water, rendered escape from destruction almost impossible."


Imagine the pleasure our voyagers experienced when suddenly the wind shifted to westward, and they saw the vast expanse of ice driving out of Barrow Strait at the rate of ten miles per day. Of that thrilling hour Sir James wrote: "No human power could have moved either of the ships a single inch. They were taken completely out of our hands. We were in the center of a field of ice more than fifty miles in circumference, being swept along the southern shore of Lancaster Sound."

Captain Ross' deliverance from this situation was remarkable. Hear him further: "Emerging from the sound, the ice drifted southward along the western shore of Baffin Bay, until we were almost abreast of Pond Bay. Here we observed to the southward a great number of icebergs stretching across our path and confirming our worst anticipations. But our release was affected almost miraculously. When we least expected it, the great field of ice was rent into fragments innumerable, as if by some unseen power.

"It is impossible to convey an idea of the sensations we experienced when once more free. Many a grateful heart poured forth its praises and thanksgiving to Almighty God for this unlooked-for deliverance. Every harbor was now closed against us. Working westward against the pack was impossible. I therefore signaled to the Investigator my intention of returning to England." Thus ended the second of the three expeditions sent out in 1848.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE EXPEDITION VIA BEHRING STRAIT—THE THIRD OF 1848.

HE English Admiralty reasoned as follows in reference to sending a searching party into the frozen ocean through Behring Strait: Should Franklin have succeeded in pushing his way westward through the ice, and thus have proved the existence of a Northwest Passage, his vessels would most likely be found frozen in the waters near the coast, or would be cruising about in that region for the purpose of adding to the world's knowledge of geography. Therefore, to that quarter of the Frigid Zone it was quite proper to dispatch relief for him.

Accordingly, two ships, the *Herald* and the *Plover*, commanded by Captains Kellet and Moore respectively, were generously equipped and ordered to arrive in Behring Strait about the 1st of July, 1848, and thence to search the American coast eastward as far as possible without imperiling the vessels by ice.

The *Plover* was to be left for the winter in a safe harbor in Behring Strait. From there a whale-boat expedition was to be undertaken to the Mackenzie River, and, if possible, communication be effected with the party under Rae. No sooner had the *Plover* got well out from England than she was obliged to put back to Plymouth for further strengthening. After all, she was but a stupid sailor, and when she arrived at Behring Strait, winter straightway for-

bade her entering, and she was forced to spend the long, cold season just outside, on the Asiatic coast.

The *Herald*, however, went forward, worked her way around into the Pacific, sailed up the coast of both Americas, passed through the great strait, and took a look around Kotzebue Sound—see map. Observing no traces of Franklin, she here turned about, renavigated the strait before the *Plover* arrived, and, leaving the ice far behind her, sought a winter harbor on the coast of South America.

As early as practicable in 1849, the two ships entered Arctic waters and conducted a series of faithful explorations, adding greatly to our knowledge of the Alaskan shore, but contributing not an item toward solving the mystery in which the lost navigators were enwrapped. However, a remarkable open-boat journey, conducted by Lieutenant Pullen, was made from the ships to the Mackenzie. In four boats the party set out for the great river, and reached it after an adventurous voyage of thirty-two days. Pullen ascended the stream to Fort Simpson, where he met Mr. Rae, and from his lips heard the recital of his failure to reach even Wollaston Land.

On June 20, the next summer, Pullen's party, with certain *attachés* of the Hudson Bay Company, and his stock of four boats, started down the Mackenzie to return to England. Five days later he was met by a canoe bearing dispatches from the Admiralty, ordering him to continue his search along the Arctic coast. Proceeding in obedience thereto, he was soon completely stopped by ice. In brief, his efforts fell short of their object, and he returned to Britain. Thus failed each and all of the expeditions of 1848.

Meantime, the absolute and painful silence of Franklin and his company excited public interest

in his fate to an intense degree. The result was that not only were the resources of the Admiralty still more zealously employed for his rescue, but also the fortunes of private citizens in both England and the United States.

The next year, 1850, not less than eleven vessels entered the polar seas for the single purpose of determining the fate of Franklin. Two of them were the first of the three Grinnell expeditions, fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York. The remainder were English craft, the most of them commissioned by the Admiralty. One of them—the Prince Albert—was equipped and sent out at the personal expense of Lady Franklin, the wife of the missing explorer. Partaking of the general enthusiasm, even Sir John Ross, now sixty-five, for the fifth time, if we mistake not, set sail for the Arctic regions to engage in the search, as commander of the schooner *Felix*.

Lancaster Sound and its neighboring waters appear to have been the destination of them all, except one expedition *via* Behring Strait. This consisted of our friends the *Investigator* and the *Enterprise*. The present voyage finished the career of the former. She was left, to wear out among the ice-floes in the Bay of Mercy, northern coast of Banks Land. The cruise of these two ships deserves tracing briefly, but first let us notice an interesting fact or two connected with the squadron now at the entrance of Lancaster Sound.

At that point the fleet separated. The *Pioneer* and the *Resolute*, British ships, under Captain Austin, closely examined the shores of Pond Bay. The *Resolute*, Captain Ommaney in command, also an English craft, sped on to Beechy Island, and there discovered the first tokens of Franklin. Soon

Captain Austin and the American squadron under Lieutenant De Haven, U. S. N., arrived on the scene—at Cape Riley. A rigid scrutiny proved only that Franklin had there spent a winter. Sadly each commander left a record of his visit, and at Whaler Point the Assistance cached provisions for the wanderers, should any of them stray that way.

With the exception of the American fleet and Lady Franklin's ship, which early returned to England, most of the vessels wintered in the vicinity of Cornwallis Island. From them, during the season, were sent out not less than fifteen sledging parties, manned by over one hundred men, to search the surrounding lands. After enduring incredible fatigue and suffering intensely from cold, which no amount of clothing could mitigate, and from snow-blindness, too painful to describe, all returned with the depressing announcement, "No signs!"

Lady Franklin's ship—the Prince Albert—conveyed to the anxious woman the grateful news of the discoveries at Beechy Island. All hearts in England were now cheered by fresh hope. The staunch little craft was immediately refitted, placed in command of a Mr. Kennedy, and hastened back to the inhospitable clime. Kennedy's special duty was to traverse North Somerset and Prince of Wales Lands, a work already in progress through the sledging parties just mentioned; but this could not be known in distant England.

The Albert arrived duly in Prince Regent Inlet late in 1851, and, driven by a furious gale, sought temporary shelter on its eastern shore. Desiring to winter on the Somerset coast, no sooner had the wind abated than Kennedy, attended by four men, crossed, amid masses of ice, to Fort Leopold, to reconnoiter the coast and to ascertain if records had been left there by other parties.

His errand accomplished, he turned to retrace his steps. To his dismay the channel was closed by a compact ice-floe, which opened here and there only in dangerous crevices, precluding return, even on foot. The night was hastening on. The floe on which they stood was moving rapidly down the channel. All around, the huge blocks of ice dashed furiously against each other. The noise was deafening. To return to the Somerset shore was the only alternative. Here they passed the night, their only shelter being their little boat, under which each in turn found an hour's rest.

In the morning, to Kennedy's amazement, his ship had disappeared, and there faced him the agreeable prospect of spending the winter where they were. Happily, they were in the vicinity of the depot of provisions and the steam launch left by Sir James Ross, in 1849, for the relief of Franklin or any of his party. Hastening thither, they found the deposit well preserved, and at once proceeded to make themselves comfortable. The launch made them a warm and welcome dwelling, and the little band resigned itself to the circumstances.

Captain Kennedy's second in command was Lieutenant Bellot, a noble young man, who had volunteered his services to Lady Franklin. On the 7th of October his commander was delighted to see him approaching the launch with a party of seven men, drawing the jolly-boat of the *Albert*. The courageous young officer had already made two unsuccessful attempts to rescue his companions.

With the exception of the time spent in their grand exploring tour, the winter was passed on ship-board. This trip was undertaken February 25. The party embraced Captain Kennedy, Lieu-



tenant Bellot, and six men. Four sledges were employed, drawn partly by dogs, partly by the men. The company was absent ninety-seven days, accomplished a journey of eleven hundred miles, performed prodigies of daring and adventure, met with no accident, experienced no illness, and obtained no news of Franklin. The Prince Albert reached Aberdeen, Scotland, without the loss of a man, October 7, 1852.

We turn now to the voyage of the Investigator and Enterprise *via* Behring Strait, tracing particularly the course of the former because of her connection with the discovery of the Northwest Passage, but abbreviating to the utmost the lengthy account.

The two ships left England January 10, 1850, heavily laden with stores, provisions, and Arctic equipage. Soon they were separated in a storm on the Atlantic, and saw each other no more until about April 18, when they met in Fortesque Bay, west coast of South America. Their course was resumed on the 19th. When fairly out on the wide Pacific, the vessels again separated, never to be reunited. Both made the port of Honolulu, there receiving additional stores. Thence both made all possible speed northward. The Enterprise was commanded by Captain Richard Collinson, as senior officer and leader of the expedition. The first officer of the Investigator, Captain Robert L. M. M'Clure, will be remembered as a lieutenant in the Investigator under Sir James Ross, in 1849.

At Honolulu, M'Clure learned that it was Collinson's intention, should he reach Kotzebue Sound in advance of M'Clure, to take with himself into Arctic waters our old acquaintance, the Plover, anchored there ever since 1848-49, and leave in her

stead the Investigator. To avert an issue so depressing to himself and to his men, M'Clure made every breeze and circumstance help to speed him on his way. July 19 saw the Investigator enter the Russian port. The Enterprise had not been seen. Captain Kellet, of the Plover, although M'Clure's senior, did not feel authorized to detain him, particularly as the Enterprise might have passed during the night or in a fog.

Without delay, therefore, M'Clure set all sail and soon was out of sight and alone on the chilling Arctic sea. Keeping as near the continental coast as the ice would permit, he sped rapidly toward Point Barrow. At midnight he rounded the extreme northwestern headland of America and turned eastward, desiring to head directly for Melville Island, but a body of ice as wide as the field of vision kept the ship near the coast.

When about one hundred and twenty miles east of Point Barrow, the captain sent a man ashore to erect a cairn, and to deposit a record of the passage of the Investigator. Here some Esquimaux were met, who informed M'Clure that a channel from three to five miles wide would remain open eastward until winter, but when that season began they could not tell.

Of this tribe one of the men wrote: "Thieving appeared to be their chief accomplishment. As Captain M'Clure was making one of them a present of tobacco, he felt a hand in his trowsers pocket. Glancing downward, he found the fellow was actually receiving a gift from him with one hand and picking his pocket with the other. But upon being detected, the chap laughed so good-humoredly, and all his companions seemed to enjoy the joke so immensely, that even the captain joined in the merriment."

By the middle of August the Investigator had passed the point reached by Franklin when exploring westward from the Mackenzie. In due time they were off the mouth of the Mackenzie fifty miles distant from the mainland. Upon arriving at Port Warren, M'Clure made careful inquiry of the natives concerning Franklin, but no reliable information was secured.

Off Cape Bathurst a more cordial tribe was encountered, certain members of which engaged to convey dispatches to the Hudson Bay Company. It became necessary to make them certain trifling presents in return for the service. In connection therewith M'Clure gives a graphic description of how the women, excited by their gifts, seized everything within reach and scampered away, undisturbed by any blows from conscience.

From the 1st to the 5th of September the Investigator spent in rounding the bay between Capes Bathurst and Parry. On the 4th large fires were observed on shore. At first it was supposed that the natives were trying to attract attention. And yet the Esquimaux would hardly indulge in so prodigal a use of fuel. Finally, the illumination was attributed to the presence of Franklin and his men. Forms in white were descried moving about. An eager party was landed to ascertain the facts. Prodigious was their disappointment upon finding only several little volcanic mounds possessing sulphurous properties, while tracks of reindeer around a neighboring spring fully explained what were the moving figures.

A fresh breeze, favorable conditions of the weather, and wider channels of water, enabled the ship to stand away from the coast. On September 7 M'Clure landed on the south shore of the island now known as *Banks Land*, and took possession of

it in the name of the queen. Then, proceeding, on the 9th he was on its northern coast, saw mountains in the interior covered with snow, and was forcibly reminded of the near approach of winter by the southward flight of the Arctic birds. Here he hoped that he might make the Northwest Passage.

He was now "within sixty miles of Barrow Strait." What pen can describe his emotions? Could the Investigator but push through that strait and Lancaster Sound to Baffin Bay, she would have accomplished the great object of so many expeditions. Cold, hunger, hardship, and every possible danger were forgotten in the hope of success. "Only give us time," said the brave captain, "and we *must* do it."

A record in M'Clure's journal of this date says: "I cannot describe my feelings. Can it be possible that this water communicates with Barrow Strait, and shall prove to be the long-sought Northwest Passage? Can it be that I shall be permitted to perform what has baffled so many for centuries? All praise be to Him who has conducted us thus far on our way. His ways are not our ways, nor are the means He uses to accomplish His ends within our comprehension."

Two days after this record the temperature fell to 11° below freezing, the breeze freshened to a gale; large masses of ice floated down upon them; the long, dark nights rendered progress difficult and perilous; they were closely beset, with rudder unhung and suspended at the stern. On the 15th the wind came up from the south and the ship sped on eastward thirty miles. But next day they were hemmed in, with absolutely no hope of escape. Anxious to retain every mile of distance gained, M'Clure and his men resolved to brave the dangers of the winter where they were rather than retreat.

Soon, massive floes surged against the Investigator, driving her to and fro in her cramped quarters. The noise was terrific. The commands of the officers, even when given through the trumpet, could scarcely be heard. In anticipation of the fate of the ship, large quantities of provisions were brought on deck; the officers and men were carefully told off to the different boats, and every step was taken to preserve the lives of the men, should the vessel be wrecked. At length the angry element ceased its strife and settled into quietness—frozen solid. The housing was quickly stretched over the ship, and preparations for winter were speedily made, resulting in an unusually comfortable abode.

In due time three sledge parties were sent out to search for the missing ships. Over eight hundred miles of coast were traversed. "Not a sign or trace of Franklin was found, proving conclusively that his ship had not penetrated that region." One yalley visited fairly teemed with hare and ptarmigan, creatures extremely welcome to the keen appetite of the travelers.

Late in May there came tramping by the ship a fine specimen of the polar bear. Captain M'Clure unhesitatingly put an end to its journey, and, in dressing the animal, happened to investigate its stomach. It was found to be freighted with the following "astounding medley:" There were raisins recently swallowed; a few bits of leaf-tobacco, several little cubes of fat pork, which the cook of the Investigator declared must have been prepared for mock-turtle soup, and, lastly, some fragments of sticking plaster, which, evidently, had passed through the hands of a surgeon. Many were the queries as to where Mr. Bruin obtained his prize, but a meat-can containing portions of all the articles he had purloined was afterwards discovered, testifying that



some other party had also wintered in the vicinity.

For ten months the impenetrable ice held the Investigator a close prisoner, or until about July 15, 1851. Then M'Clure set sail, heading for the northern shore of Melville Island, which he specially desired to reach. The good ship pursued a northeast course until about August 20, when she was again perilously hemmed in by a vast floe. The 1st of September witnessed her liberation from walls of ice thirty feet in height; but immediately ominous indications that winter was again at hand led her captain at once to seek harbor in the Bay of Mercy, northern coast of Banks Land. Here let us leave the adventurous M'Clure and his crew, while we devote a paragraph to the Enterprise.

Having spent the winter of 1850-51 in China, on the 24th of July the next season the Enterprise was on the north coast of America, following the course of the Investigator. In 1851-52 she wintered at the southern end of Prince of Wales Strait. Not until early in September was she released by the ice and allowed to go on her way. On the 26th of that month, Captain Collinson touched the southern coast of Wollaston Land. Here the winter of 1852-53 caught and held him. Among the events of the season was a visit by a party of Esquimaux, having in their possession a piece of iron, which quite probably came from one of Franklin's ships. Leaving the Enterprise ice-bound for months to come, let us return to the Investigator, wintering some distance to the north of her.

Having received no tidings of M'Clure or Collinson for two years, in the spring of 1852 the Admiralty dispatched a strong expedition to find them. It consisted of a fleet of five vessels, the ships Assistance and Resolute, the steam-tugs Intrepid and Pioneer, and the provision ship North Star. All

arrived in the northern waters about the 1st of September, and began the search without delay. The Resolute and Intrepid pushed on to Winter Harbor, where Sir Edward Parry passed the winter of 1819. Here they were bound, and sent out searching parties.

One of them, Lieutenant Meacham, of the Resolute, was led to carefully examine "the famous pile of sandstone on which Parry caused the name of his ships to be engraved." On its summit, to his amazement, he discovered a document detailing the practical accomplishment of the Northwest Passage, and stating the present position of the Investigator in the Bay of Mercy. M'Clure had caused the paper to be deposited there for the information of the Admiralty in case of adversity to himself and his ship.

Thereupon, Lieutenant Pim and Dr. Domville, of the Resolute, were detailed to make a hurried sledge trip to Banks Land. March 10 they set out, amid the prayers and cheers of those remaining on board.

Meanwhile, how fared the Investigator and her company? Fearing he might be compelled to abandon his ship, M'Clure had selected a strong party of his men to make their way over the vast tracts of ice and if possible effect their return to England, to give an account of him. Everything was in readiness for their departure. On April 5 a fine deer which had been captured was to afford all a hearty meal before their separation. But in his journal M'Clure tells us how that day ended:—

"While exercising near the ship, we perceived a figure walking rapidly toward us from the entrance of the bay. From his appearance and gestures, we at first supposed he was one of our own party pursued by a bear. But as we drew near to him, doubts arose as to who he could be. Certainly he was unlike any of our men. Yet, possibly, some one of them might be trying a new traveling dress



preparatory to the departure of our sledges, so we continued to advance. When within about two hundred yards of us, the strange figure threw up his arms, made gesticulations like those of the Esquimaux, and shouted at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and the intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech. This brought us to a standstill.

"The stranger came quietly on; his face was as black as ebony, and, really, we might have been pardoned for wondering, at the moment, if he were a denizen of this world or the other. Had he but given us a glimpse of a cloven hoof, we should assuredly have taken to our legs; as it was, we gallantly stood our ground, and had the skies fallen upon us we should hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out:

"'I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the Herald, and now in the Resolute. Captain Kellet is in her at Dealy Island.'

"To rush at him and grasp him by the hand was our first impulse, for our heart was too full for utterance. To find that relief was at hand when we supposed none to be within the Arctic Circle, was news too sudden, unexpected, and joyful for our minds at once to comprehend. The news flew with lightning rapidity; the ship was in commotion; the sick forgot their maladies and leaped from their hammocks; the carpenters dropped their tools. Everybody rushed to the hatchway to learn if the story were true; despondency fled from the ship, and Lieutenant Pim received a welcome so pure, so hearty and grateful that he will remember it to the end of his days."

It was M'Clure's purpose to remain by his ship rather than abandon her to the mercy of Arctic winds and waves. Therefore, he immediately re-

paired to the Resolute to arrange with Commander Kellet for conveying to England the disabled members of his crew. The reader will remember that Captain Kellet was in charge of the Plover, which lay in Kotzebue Sound in 1850, when M'Clure passed into the Arctic seas, ahead of the Enterprise. But Kellet was now unwilling to permit the gallant voyager to jeopardize the lives of his men by rashly spending a third winter in that terrible clime. In his view the physicians of both ships concurred. Therefore, with a feeling of deep regret, Captain M'Clure transferred his men to the rescuing ships, and left the staunch Investigator to spend the remainder of her days in the frigid Bay of Mercy.

However, not one of the fleet of five ships left the Arctic Circle that summer. The ice held them as in a vice until August, 1854. Then all except the provision ship, North Star, were deliberately and criminally abandoned by the commander of the squadron, Sir Edward Belcher, the various crews being transferred to the North Star, and Captain Collinson, with the Enterprise, being left to effect his escape from the ice as best he could. We have not space to enter into the details of Sir Edward's unsailor-like course, nor to portray the astonishment of the officers of the different vessels, upon receiving his order to desert them. Arriving in England, he was tried by court-martial, and was "barely acquitted," the venerable chairman of the court handing him his sword in significant silence.

Captain M'Clure also was tried by court-martial for abandoning the Investigator, but by a unanimous vote of the Admiralty was honorably acquitted, and to himself and crew was promptly awarded the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling *for having* virtually achieved the Northwest Passage. There were abandoned in the ice the noble

ships Investigator, Resolute, Assistance, Intrepid, and Pioneer.

We now introduce a few paragraphs of startling interest, relating to Sir John Franklin. In 1853 the Hudson Bay Company had dispatched Dr. Rae to complete the survey of the long isthmus which connects the American continent with Boothia Peninsula. Wintering at the lakes between the isthmus and Repulse Bay, early in the spring of 1854, Rae, with his sledge party, set out to accomplish this duty. On the 20th of April he encountered an Esquimau, of whom he inquired if he "had ever seen any ships or white men." The man replied, "No, but a party of white men died of starvation a long distance to the west of us, beyond a large river."

Questioning him further, Dr. Rae elicited the subjoined facts, which we give partly in his own words: "In the spring, four winters since—1850—while some Esquimau families were killing seals near the north coast of a large island, named in Arrowsmith's charts 'King William's Island,' about forty white men were seen traveling southward over the ice, dragging a boat and sledges. They were passing along the west shore of the above-named island. None of the party could speak the Esquimau language so as to be understood, but by signs led the natives to think that their ship, or ships, had been crushed by ice, and that they were going where they expected to find deer to shoot.

"From the appearance of the men, all of whom, with the exception of an officer, were drawing at the ropes of the sledge, and looked thin, they were supposed to be short of provisions. They purchased of the natives a seal, or a part of one. The officer was described as being a tall, stout, middle-aged man. When their day's journey ended, they pitched tents to rest in.

"Later in the same season, but before the disruption of the ice, some thirty dead persons and some graves were discovered on the mainland, and five dead bodies on an island adjoining it, about a long day's journey to the northwest of the mouth of a large stream. This can be no other than Back's Great Fish River, as the Esquimaux's description of it and of the low shore in the vicinity of Point Ogle and Montreal Island agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies were in a tent, or tents; others were under a boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter, and some lay scattered about in different directions.

"Among those seen on the island, one was supposed to be an officer, as a telescope was strapped over one shoulder and beneath him lay a double-barreled gun. From the mutilated state of many of the bodies, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the dreadful alternative of cannibalism, as a means of sustaining life. The party must have carried a number of guns, watches, compasses, and telescopes, as I saw pieces of these articles with the natives. I purchased as many as possible, together with some silver forks and spoons, an Order of Merit in the form of a star, and a small silver plate engraved 'Sir John Franklin, K. C. B.'"

With the report of his discovery, Dr. Rae forwarded a list of the articles he had purchased of the Esquimaux, and upon his return to England carried them thither, and received the proffered reward of ten thousand pounds sterling. Not only had he proved the death of Franklin, but by the most painful evidence had confirmed the very general opinion that the entire company of one hundred and thirty-five men had ended their lives in great want and wretchedness.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GRINNELL EXPEDITIONS.



IN 1849, probably, Lady Jane Franklin made a personal application to the United States for aid "in snatching the lost navigators from a dreary grave." While Congress was considering the matter, Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, magnanimously equipped two of his own vessels for Arctic service, and "tendered their use to the United States Government." Congress accepted the offer, and immediately detached officers from the navy to conduct the expedition. The principal officer was Lieutenant De Haven, in command of the *Advance*. His second was Commander Griffin, in charge of the *Rescue*. On the 22d of May, 1850, the two brigs cleared from New York, with everything in trim shape on board.

July 1 found the vessels approaching Melville Bay, on the eastern coast of Baffin Bay, and employing all their skill in navigating an ice-pack. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N., the surgeon of the *Advance*, has left us, in his bright, crisp style, a description of this style of nautical maneuvering. We quote:—

"In a little while we near the pack. Our commander is on the foretop sail-yard. The brig's head is pointed toward the gap. The watch are stationed at the braces. Now commences the process of 'conning.' Such work with the helm is not often seen in ordinary seas. Presently down comes the *stentorian* voice of the commander, shout-

ing, 'Hard a-starboard!' Instantly the yards yield to the ready hands at the braces. The ship turns her nose into a near indentation, and bangs her quarters against a big lump of smashing ice. 'Steady, there!' comes from the yard. For half a minute not a sound. Then a second shout, 'Down! down! hard down!' Then we rub, and scrape, and jam, and thrust aside, and *are* thrust aside; but somehow or other we find ourselves in an open canal which is lost in the distance. This is a lead.

"Soon the lead grows narrower. The sides edge toward each other. The lead becomes crooked. Quickly come the complicated orders: 'Helm a-starboard!' 'Port!' 'So!' 'Steady-ee!' 'Easy!' 'Hard a-port!' 'Hard, hard, hard!'—scrape, scratch, thump. 'Ugh!' An anomalous grunt, and we are jammed fast between two great fields of ice, of extent unknown. The captain comes down. We all go quietly to supper.

"Now come processes unconnected with our wings—the sails. They are expressed by the terms 'heave,' 'warp,' 'track,' and 'haul.' What is heaving? Imagine us beset with ice, with the light wind dead ahead. Two men seize an ice anchor—we have two sizes, of forty and one hundred pounds weight. With this they spring upon the ice and plant it close to the edge of the crack we wish to open. An ice anchor is *planted* by cutting a hole obliquely to the surface with a chisel, or with the anchor itself, used pickaxe fashion. Into this hole the larger end of the anchor is hooked. Then a hawser is slipped around the smaller end and secured from slipping by a 'mousing' of rope-yarn. The slack of the hawser is passed around the shaft of our patent winch, standing in our bow. Now everything is ready for 'heaving.'

"Now comes the hard work. The hawser is hauled taut; the strain is increased. Everybody, captain, cook, steward, and doctor, takes a hand at the pump handles or overhauls the warping gear, for dignity takes no care of its hands when in the middle of a pack. Finally, if the floes be not too dense, they separate by the wedge-like action of our bows, and we enter a cleft, which is kept open on either side by the brig's beam. But the ice which allows itself to be thus severed is rare enough. Often we heave, and haul, and sweat, and, after parting a ten-inch hawser, go to bed wet, tired, discontented, experience being the only pay for our toil. This is 'warping.'"

Thus did the *Advance* and *Rescue* make their way across Melville Bay. The distance is about three hundred miles. Five weeks were consumed in the transit. As they skirted the desolate coast, the officers frequently stepped ashore to examine the flora of the region. Sometimes they came upon pretty garden-like spots, bright with mosses and encircled by the dwarf shrubs and trees of that high Arctic world.

There grew the blueberry, flowering and fruiting, but so stunted in size that a single one might have been planted in an egg-cup; and tiny honeysuckles, an entire plant of which might have been worn in one's button-hole; there were perfect willow trees, the size of a rose leaf. The taller trees scarcely reached to one's knee: What quaint-looking vegetation it all was! Dr. Kane measured the depth of moss-beds, which had been years in accumulating, and counted sixty-eight layers, each layer being the product of a single year.

At last the vessels left Baffin Bay behind them and were entering Lancaster Sound. About three

o'clock in the morning of August 21, they spoke the *Felix*, in charge of that veteran sailor, brave Sir John Ross, now ahead of the entire English expedition. "You and I are ahead of them all," was his cheering salutation through the trumpet, as the *Advance* came up behind him. Seventeen years before, he had been cast away in that forlorn, inhospitable region. Yet here he was again, bounding along in a little craft, in the hope of finding a lost countryman. Next day Lady Franklin's own ship, the *Prince Albert*, overtook them.

Of the occasion Dr. Kane wrote: "This was a pleasant meeting. The officers of the *Prince Albert* spent some hours with us. They were very agreeable gentlemen. Their little vessel was much less capable of encountering the perils of the ice than ours. But they had to rough it. They had no 'fancy fixings,' only what a limited purse could supply." Dr. Kane omits to tell us how gallantly the American ships led the way through the ice of Lancaster Sound on that occasion, and how his own daring deeds won for him from the admiring Britishers the sobriquet of "the mad Yankee."

Dr. Kane was the historian of this expedition, and his case illustrates the facility with which the human system adjusts itself to opposite circumstances. Early in September the mercury fell to  $21^{\circ}$  below freezing, at night, and during the day rarely rose above that point. As yet no fires had been lighted in the cabin. Retiring to his berth, the doctor drew the rubber curtains closely, lighted his lamp, and, in an icy atmosphere, faithfully wrote his journal. Under date of September 8 he wrote:—

"Doubtless this is not very cold to your  $45^{\circ}$  minus men of Arctic winters, but to us, from the zone of peaches and liriodendrons, it is rather



sharp for the month of water-melons." Nevertheless, he might have been seen patiently watching for hours beside a seal hole in the ice, with the thermometer several degrees below zero.

A little later the region, which had fairly teemed with animal life, was deserted, a few only of the smaller birds and hardier animals remaining, with an occasional polar bear, and that strange creature, the Arctic seal. Of the Esquimau mode of capturing these shy animals, Kane writes as follows:—

"One must needs practice the native tactics of patience and perfect quietude. It is no fun, I assure you, to sit noiseless and motionless, with a cold iron musket in your hands and the temperature  $10^{\circ}$  below zero. I tried it, and after a while was rewarded by seeing some fine Greenland calves come within shot. I missed. An hour of cold expectation, and they came again. Very strange are these creatures. They have a countenance between a dog and an African ape, and an expression so like that of humanity that it makes their murderer hesitate. At last I hit one. God forgive me!

"My ball did not kill outright. It was out of range, struck too low, and entered the lungs. The poor beast had risen breast high out of the water, and was busy looking about, with curious, expectant eyes, when the ball entered the lungs. For a moment a little blood oozed from his mouth. He looked toward me with a startled reproachfulness. Then he went down. In an instant he came up, nearer me, looked again, bled again, and went down. The thing was drowning. Finally he sank. In this seal's countenance I thought I saw curiosity, pain, reproach, despair, even resignation."

The Grinnell expedition froze immovably fast in the middle of Wellington Channel, and for eight

months was beleaguered by the ice as vessels never before had been. Up and down through the Arctic seas they were driven, all through the winter, by the resistless winds and currents.


After a while the spirits of the men appeared to ebb and flow with the changes in the position of the ships. The color of their faces resembled that of plants growing in darkness. The men grew moody and visionary. In the night they heard peculiar sounds and had wonderful dreams. One man wandered off among the beetling ice and came in laden with refreshing water-melons. Another distinguished himself by finding Sir John Franklin in a charming bay adorned with orange trees. A third poor fellow in his partial delirium had heard his own wife and children crying for help. Most of them became extremely sensitive to slights from others. But the officers, by keeping unceasing watch over their own words, managed to preserve a degree of good-fellowship among them.

Early the following June the whole body of ice was seized with a spirit of travel, had a grand break-up, and let the ships put out for the coast of Greenland. Here the crews spent several weeks in recruiting, and enjoying the hospitality of the Danes and Esquimaux. Then an attempt was made to cross Baffin Bay and once more enter Lancaster Sound. The effort was a failure. Heavy ice completely blocked the way. The crews were "riddled by scurvy." The prospect of spending nine months amid the terrors of Baffin Bay was intolerable.

Therefore, bidding adieu to Holsteinberg, Lieutenant De Haven turned the prow of his little ship homeward. Off Cape Farewell they were parted. The *Advance* arrived in New York September 30. The *Rescue* made her appearance seven days later, to the great joy of everybody concerned.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION.

R. KANE was far from being an idle man during the fourteen months he spent within the Arctic Circle. He studied, thought, and wrote about nearly every object which came under his observation. He reflected and formed his own opinions upon not only the subject of discovering Franklin, but also upon that of an open polar sea. Upon his return to New York, he was invited to lecture before the American Geographical Society, and to give an account of his researches.

On that occasion he adverted to the fact, then not so well known as at present, that the pole of greatest cold is not identical with the North Pole. He showed that there are two poles of extreme cold in the Northern Hemisphere—one in Asia, one in America, and that both are on the eightieth parallel. He further explained that the mean temperature at the western pole is three and a half degrees lower than at the Asiatic pole.

Moreover, beyond the farthest limit yet reached by Arctic explorers, "frost smoke" had been observed. This fact was highly suggestive of open water and of a less frigid temperature. Besides, several observant navigators had remarked that the evidences of animal life multiply as one approaches the North Pole. This in turn hints at more abundant vegetable life as a means of support. Again,

certain peculiarities of the Arctic winds and currents, as noted by Lieutenant De Haven, pointed to the same interesting probability—an open polar sea. Most important of all, Dr. Kane was inclined to believe that Franklin had sought and found this alluring water, and that on its shores he himself would be found, whether dead or alive.

All this, together with his acknowledged skill, heroism, versatility, and scientific taste and acquirements, designated Dr. Kane as a man well qualified to conduct an expedition to that part of the world, whatever might be its object. We are not surprised, therefore, to find Lady Franklin soon urging him to attempt a search for the missing voyager, nor to find the Secretary of the Navy tendering him the command of the well-tried *Advance*, once more placed at the disposal of the government by Mr. Grinnell.

Scientific institutions and philanthropic gentlemen on both sides of the Atlantic contributed to the equipment of the vessel, and on the last day of May, 1853, Dr. Kane, with a company of seventeen persons—officers, specialists, and crew—set sail from New York. His plan was to pass up the coast of Greenland to the highest point attainable with the *Advance*, and thence to push on toward the pole as far as small boats and sledges would convey them, and to search the polar coast line for traces of Franklin.

On July 12 Kane entered the harbor of Fisker-naes, Greenland, and there secured the services of Hans Christian, an Esquimau about nineteen, who was to prove a valuable addition to the party. At other ports he provided himself with dogs and Arctic clothing, and by August 19 had attained the high latitude of  $78^{\circ}$ . Here a furious gale swept down upon them, with disastrous results. Listen

to Dr. Kane's account of the fearful adventure, in his own graphic language, abridged by us:—

"Ahead of us, northward, the strait grew still narrower, the heavy ice-tables clogging it between the cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing we could do—keep command of the helm, by going willingly where otherwise we must be driven. We let her scud under a reefed foretop-sail, all hands awaiting the enemy.

"At seven in the morning we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor, in the desperate hope of winding the brig; but nothing could withstand the ice torrent which pursued us. We had barely time to fasten a spar to the chain, as a buoy, and let her slip. So went our best bower. Down we went again upon the gale, helplessly scraping along a lee of ice, seldom less than thirty feet thick. I had seen such ice but once before, and never in such rapid motion. One mass rose above our gunwale, and deposited half a ton upon our deck. Our little brig bore herself as if hers were a charmed life.

"Now a new enemy appeared in sight. Directly in our course stood a group of icebergs. We had no power to avoid them. The question was, Should we be dashed in pieces against them? or should they protect us from the storm? Nearing them, we perceived that an interval of water separated them from the floe. The gale drove us into that channel, and we were ready to exult, when, probably from an eddy of wind against the lofty ice walls, we lost our headway, and saw that we were fated to be crushed between the bergs and the floe.

"Just then a low, water-washed berg came driving up from the south. As it moved rapidly alongside, McGary planted an anchor on its slope, and

held to it by a whale line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse—whiter than the pale horse which seemed to be pursuing us—hailed us bravely on, the spray dashing against his windward flank, and his forehead splintering the lesser ice as if in scorn. Our channel narrowed to perhaps forty feet. We braced the yards to clear the lofty ice wall. We passed clear. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude deliverance from a wretched death. During all these terrible scenes, I was struck with the composed and manly demeanor of my comrades."

This storm continued from the 19th to the 22nd of August. Pressing on, they reached a safe bay in about latitude 80°. Here, leaving the vessel, Kane, with a single boat and seven strong men, advanced through the young ice, amid rapidly-falling snow, until further progress with the boat was impossible. Then the sledge they had brought was lightly provisioned, and on they marched, Kane all the while taking notes of whatever interesting objects the desolate region presented.

Listen to his talk about the pretty blossoms he found just below the 80th parallel, near the middle of September: "Here, protected from frost by the melting snow, and fostered by the solar heat reflected from the rocks, appeared a flower growth, drearily Arctic in type, but rich in variety and coloring. Amid the tufted grasses twinkled the purple lychnis and the starry chickweed; and, not without its pleasing associations, I noticed a solitary *hesperis*—the Arctic representative of the wall-flowers at home."

Of his return from this journey with the boat and sledge, Kane thus writes: "My comrades gathered anxiously around me awaiting the news.

I told them in few words of the results of my trip, and why I had determined upon remaining, and at once gave the order to warp the vessel in between the islands of the bay in which she lay. We found a perfect shelter from the outside ice, and thus laid our little brig in the harbor we were fated never to leave together,—a long resting-place to her, indeed, for the same ice is around her still."

We have not space to portray the sufferings of our party, nor their thrilling experiences during the long Arctic night. At one time they were in imminent danger of losing the ship and all their possessions by fire. Melancholy and hydrophobia reduced the number of their dogs, and diminished the capabilities of those which survived. After enduring incredible hardships during a trip made to cache provisions for a journey northward by Kane in the spring, two of the men died and several suffered amputation of limbs.

Altogether, probably no other Arctic expedition except that of Sir John Franklin, ever endured greater sufferings than did these men, led by the brave and kind-hearted Kane. Three expeditions were made, led respectively by Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, and Mr. Morton.

On the 27th of April Kane, with a small party and two sledges, left the *Advance* for the northwest coast of Greenland, following the line of caches made by his order in the winter. To his great disappointment a company of polar bears, also out on an exploring expedition, had discovered the deposits and made merry over them. With their powerful paws they had tossed aside the stones and splintered to atoms the barrels filled with alcohol and pemmican. Of these Arctic searching parties Kane thus writes:—





"Evidently, this is the season when bears are most abundant. Their tracks are everywhere, on the shore, on the floes. One of them had the audacity to try to intrude upon Bonsall's party during his recent trip, and he tells a good story of how they received and returned Mr. Bruin's salutations." We epitomize:—

"A half hour after midnight, as all the men were sleeping away the fatigue of a long day's work, McGary either heard or felt something scratching the snow outside near his head. He awakened sufficiently to perceive a huge creature making the circuit of the tent. His startled cry aroused his comrades, but did not in the least disturb the visitor—especially unwelcome as all the guns had been left on the sledge a short distance from the tent. There was not so much as a walking pole within reach.

"A council of war was held amid some confusion. Several volleys of blazing lucifer matches and torches of newspaper were hurled at the bold fellow, but without effect. He planted himself in the doorway and proceeded to make a supper off a seal which had been shot the day before.

"Happily, Tom Hickey bethought himself of the military device of a sortie from the postern. Cutting a hole with his knife, he crawled out at the rear of the tent, seized a boat hook supporting the ridge-pole, and dealt a vigorous blow upon the animal's nose, causing him to retreat a few paces beyond the sledge. Tom then sprang forward, seized a rifle, and fell back to the tent. A few seconds more and Mr. Bonsall had sent a ball through the body of the enemy."

Alluding to the most northern cache destroyed, the doctor remarks: "It was built with extreme

care, of very heavy stones, and appeared to be very effective. Yet these tigers of the ice seem to have demolished it with perfect ease. Not a morsel of pemmican remained, except that in the iron cases with round ends. These defied both their claws and teeth. Yet the animals had tossed them about like foot-balls, although their weight was over eighty pounds each.

"A case of alcohol, strongly iron-bound, was dashed into fragments, and every tin can containing liquor was mashed and twisted almost into a ball. The claws of the beast had perforated the metal and torn it as with a cold chisel.

"The animals were too dainty for salt meats, but for ground coffee they had an evident relish; even our flag, which had been sent to the breeze 'to take possession' of the waste, was gnawed to the very staff. They had made a regular frolic of the affair.

Overcome by the demands of this journey, and while engaged in taking observations upon the great Glacier of Humboldt, Dr. Kane sank suddenly upon the ice, in serious illness. "Only the tender nursing of five of his best men availed to save his life until the brig could be reached. For several days he fluctuated between life and death, but finally rallied sufficiently to plan for future operations."

The object of Dr. Hayes' journey was to correct the survey of Smith Sound and to explore the channel leading northward from it. He was accompanied by William Godfrey, one of the most robust of travelers. The trip abounded with trying experiences. At length they appeared at the ship's side, worn out and ill, having traveled two hundred and seventy miles, "and made many valuable discoveries."

*Perhaps* Mr. Morton's expedition was the most

important undertaken during the season. His companion was Hans, the Esquimau. He proceeded directly to McGary Island, where was located the principal cache ordered by Dr. Kane. Thence he journeyed some distance over solid ice, seventy-two feet in thickness, as indicated by the crevices. Finally he was startled by its increasing weakness. Then it became decidedly rotten, and the snow covering it grew wet and slushy. Then the fact of a pole of maximum cold, and of a warmer region north of it, impressed him deeply.

For the first time, now, it dawned upon him that a dark band observable to the north was water. From a height near, he obtained a complete view of the field before him, and saw what he believed to be an extensive open ocean. Of the discovery Kane thus speaks, with some abridging on our part:

"It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood, at the end of his trip, looking out upon the great waste of waters. From a height of four hundred feet, commanding a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waters, while a surf breaking upon rocks at his feet stayed his further progress. Not a speck of ice could be seen. I believe there was not a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon those bright waters."

Mr. Morton reached a latitude of  $80^{\circ} 30''$ —the highest ever before attained by any navigator of Greenland waters. He returned to the *Advance*, at Rensselaer Harbor, to be received by his comrades with many hearty congratulations.

The full account of the thrilling experiences which befell our brave explorers during the ensuing winter—1854-55—is highly interesting. Every line of it reads like an exciting romance. It is

crowded with perils and dangers, on the ice, on the open sea; with suffering from famine, from illness, from awful exposures; with attempts at desertion by some of the most able of the crew, and with almost superhuman exertions to reach a Greenland port after the *Advance* was reluctantly abandoned.

For the sad ceremony of bidding farewell to the ship, the officers and men once more assembled in the winter chamber. Here prayers were read, followed by a chapter in the Bible. The flags were then hoisted and hauled down again. The men then walked around the denuded vessel, and commented upon the dangerous wounds she had received in her battles with the ice. The entire party then climbed over her side, Dr. Kane being the last to leave her. With two sledges and two boats they now began the journey of thirteen hundred miles lying between them and the ports of Northern Greenland.

They left Rensselaer Harbor, Smith Sound, May 20, 1856, passed southward around Capes Alexander, Parry, York, and Walker, meeting with many hair-breadth escapes, and burying brave Christian Ohlsen by the way. On the 1st of August they sighted Devil Thumb, South Melville Bay. Two days later, as a heavy mist, which had for some time enveloped them, cleared away, there came to their ears, from toward the Greenland coast, a clear, round, ringing "Hello!"

"Listen, Peterson!" said the commander. Peterson did listen, and then, trembling perceptibly, said in a half whisper—"Dannemarker." What bending to the oars there then was! what peering into every nook and turn of the coast as they rowed carefully along!

"I remember," wrote Kane, "that this was the

first Christian voice which greeted our return to the world; that we all stood up and gazed into the distant nooks; and how the cry came again, just as we were doubting if the whole were not a dream; and how, with long sweeps—the white-ash oars cracking under the spring of the rowers—we stood for the cape from which the sound came; and how we scanned the green patches, which our experience—grown into instinct—told us would be the camping-ground of wayfarers.”

The party had rowed a half hour, perhaps, when the mast of a shallop was descried. Then the overwrought Peterson, who had remained grave and silent, burst into an immoderate fit of crying, interrupted occasionally by exclamations in mingled Danish and English, like the following: “’Tis the Upernavik oil-boat!—the Fraulein Flaisher! The Mariane has come, and—Carlie Mossyn”—then he cried again, and talked again, wringing his hands.

It was indeed Carlie Mossyn. He had come up from Upernavick for blubber. Of him the wanderers obtained the first news from the great world received by them in two years. “What of Sir John Franklin?” asked Kane. Mossyn handed him a German newspaper, containing the story already related, of the many dead bodies seen by the Esquimaux near Great Fish River—over a thousand miles south of Kane’s field of search—and of the numerous relics purchased of them by Dr. Rae.

After a season of sleep and refreshing, our voyagers put out again into the fog. Finally the snowy top of Rosarsoak loomed up back of Upernavick. Then the peal of the workman’s bell came floating off to their ears. That meant safety and civilization. Were the experiences of the past two years but a horrible dream? Hugging the shore around into

the great harbor, they landed amid a crowd of children, and hauled their boats upon shore for the last time.

Eighty-four days had the explorers passed in the open air, and could now spend but little time within the walls of a house without "a distressing sense of suffocation." That night, at the door of many a hospitable home, they drank the proffered cup of coffee, and listened to the song of welcome sung by their kind entertainers. Here the explorers tarried until the 6th of September, trying to get accustomed to in-door life and manners. Then, with their little ship's boat, the Faith, cherished as a precious relic, they embarked on the Mariane for Godhavn.

On the 11th they were about to resume their journey southward in her, when a steamer was observed in the distance. Soon the beautiful stars and stripes greeted their eyes. Instantly, then, the ice-worn Faith was lowered into the water, "the little flag which had floated so near the poles of both hemispheres" was thrown to the breeze. With Mr. Brooks at the helm, and Mr. Olrik by his side, Kane put out to meet her, attended by all the boats of the village. Never did men lay to their oars more vigorously. Presently Kane discovered the gold trimming of the officers' caps, and the groups who, with glass in hand, were trying to make out the approaching party.

Quickly they were alongside. An officer leaned over the side and asked "a little man in ragged flannel shirt," "Is that Dr. Kane?" "Yes," was the glad reply. Immediately the rigging was manned, and rousing cheers welcomed the dauntless little man and his heroic party back, as he said, "to the world of love they represented."

By his zeal and perseverance, Dr. Kane added


much to the then limited knowledge of Northern Greenland. He carefully surveyed and charted over a thousand miles of its shores. He studied and explained the wonderful glaciers of the region. He investigated, personally, many phases of polar animal and vegetable life, and by his enthusiasm inspired his officers to accomplish what he himself could not do. His observations on the meteorology of the country were correctly made and clearly arranged. In locating geographical points, his mathematical work was exceptionally correct.

Dr. Kane faithfully studied the flora of that northern world, and his reports thereupon are written with much painstaking. He observed and analyzed species never before noticed. The total labor was performed under circumstances so disheartening that most men would never have attempted it. Dr. Kane's compiled reports of his various expeditions are regarded as invaluable. If he failed in his loftiest purposes, it was only because their accomplishment was, to him, not within the bounds of possibility. He did not explore the open polar sea, in which he so thoroughly believed. And on neither its waters nor its shores did he find Sir John Franklin.

Dr. Kane was a man of frail physique, and soon after his return to America the inroads made upon his health by the cares, labors, exposures, and responsibilities of his three years of Arctic life, became painfully apparent. In 1857 he sailed for England, hoping for a renewal of health. He failed rapidly and changed to the balmy climate of Cuba. There he died before the close of the year, being only thirty-seven years of age.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE THIRD GRINNELL EXPEDITION.

HE last of the so-called Grinnell expeditions was conducted by Mr. George Francis Hall, a journalist of Cincinnati, and, previous to his bold undertaking, but little known to fame. With Mr. Hall, the attempt to find Franklin seems to have been a step taken in obedience to conscience, a yielding to "a call" too authoritative to be resisted. He was a man of tender sympathies. The situation of the lost men had grieved him from the beginning. He believed they still lived "somewhere within the ice-bound coasts of King Williams Land."

We cannot recount the steps by which Mr. Hall finally found himself in command of two vessels fully equipped for Arctic work, and which, in large part, was the result of money and influence contributed by Mr. Henry Grinnell. Mr. Hall set sail from New London, Connecticut, May 29, 1860. He was blessed with a stout-hearted crew, having Captain Buddington, an experienced Arctic sailor, in command of the *George Henry*, his own ship. Like all other polar navigators, Mr. Hall encountered his share of dangers from ice-floes, icebergs, hurricanes, and perilous sledge trips. But both the reader and the writer are as familiar with such horrors as we care to be. Let us, therefore, give *our attention* to other interesting matters, which,



thanks to his journalistic eye and habit, our commander has graphically described. We greatly condense his accounts, even at the risk of being homely in style.

While crossing Baffin Bay to Cumberland Sound from Holsteinberg, coast of Greenland, Mr. Hall became greatly interested in the sun's now constant presence above the horizon. Standing with his crew upon the deck of the *George Henry* at midnight, he watched the life-giving orb descend to the horizon, and then slowly begin again its ascent of the skies. The laws of reflection and refraction of light were never, perhaps, more beautifully illustrated than on that occasion. Seventy-five and one hundred miles distant there was an appearance of mountains piled up high in the sky, the sun's rays being so refracted as to lift to a great altitude low hills, which could not otherwise have been seen so far away. By the same laws the moon appeared broken and twisted out of shape. Lovely green islands dotted the heavens; there were icebergs inverted and looking like huge pyramids resting on their apex. Even the sea seemed to have been transferred to the skies, while over the crews of the *Rescue* and the *George Henry* was thrown a drapery of the most brilliant colors. They looked like a company of gay paraders at the festival of *Mardi Gras*.

In due time the little squadron entered Northumberland Bay. Immediately the decks were thronged with those light-hearted children of nature, the Esquimaux, who manifested the utmost interest in the white strangers. Mr. Hall called these people "scrupulously honest, but not scrupulously clean," and mentions an incident which illustrates what he meant:—



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Kimmiloo, a little Esquimau girl, came on board the *George Henry* to inquire about the death of her father, Kudlago, who had shipped with Mr. Hall at New Haven, but had taken cold, died on the way, and been sadly consigned to the deep; for he had been a favorite with everyone on board. Kudlago was very fond of his little daughter, and had purchased many bright presents for her.

Accordingly, when she came on board, Mr. Hall and Captain Buddington concluded they would dress her in American costume. The task proved a much greater one than they had anticipated. Her hair had *never* been combed. It presented a compact mass of moss, seal fur, and reindeer hair, glued together with pomades never perfumed by an apothecary. Upon the child's face had accumulated innumerable layers of dirt, which required no small amount of soap and water to remove.

But when scrubbed and combed to the satisfaction of her white friends, she stood before them a beautiful child. "Her cheeks were like roses, her lips were of exquisite outline, while her eyes were of heaven's own blue." When Kimmiloo left the cabin, arrayed in a bright red dress, highly frilled and furbelowed, with brass rings on her fingers, her Esquimau friends laughed and shouted in great delight over her improved appearance. Some days subsequently the vessels were visited by Kudlago's eldest daughter, a beautiful young woman, who then first learned of her father's death. She was heart-broken over the sad news.

Mr. Hall tells us of a blind Esquimau who was marvelously expert with the needle. To test his skill, the explorer gave him a garment to mend, and observed his proceedings. Taking up a needle, the Arctic tailor put the end containing the eye be-

tween his teeth, and then placed the end of the thread upon the tip of his tongue. With his tongue he now carried the end of the thread directly under the eye and deftly thrust it therein. There are many other human tongues that might well be set to threading needles.

Mr. Hall wintered in Chappel Inlet, Frobisher Strait. Shortly after dropping anchor in the pretty bay, the Rescue was dashed upon the rocks in a hurricane, and totally wrecked.

While here Mr. Hall was agreeably surprised by a visit from an Esquimau woman, dressed in European attire, and readily speaking the English tongue. She was Tookoolito, who, with her husband, Ebierbing, accompanied Mr. Hall upon his return to the United States. The writer once met Tookoolito in the city of Cleveland. She was a remarkably sensible and excellent woman.

Previous to their first meeting with Mr. Hall, Tookoolito and her husband had spent two years in England. While there, both had improved to the utmost the opportunity to learn the language, and were now able to carry on a conversation in English, Tookoolito speaking the more fluently. A visit to their home revealed to Mr. Hall an agreeable state of affairs. The tent was as comfortable as the circumstances would admit, while Tookoolito was busy mending a pair of socks for her husband. He learned, soon, that she had introduced many useful English customs among her Inuit neighbors.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the natives of this region dispose of their relatives who are about to die as did the Fijians on the island of Taviuni but a few years ago. Upon the approach of death, a tomb is erected, in which the sufferer is placed, when the entrance is closed and he is left to die

alone. In case a corpse *must* be conveyed to its final resting-place, it is borne upon the shoulder of some man, as he would carry his gun, deposited in an excavation previously made in the snow, and there left without any ado.

Mr. Hall appears to have succeeded better than most Arctic explorers in making friends among the natives, and in securing their confidence. At one time he spent forty-two nights in one of their igloos, living in conformity to their customs, and sharing their food. He professed to have enjoyed himself, and not to have regretted the experience. That winter, with Ebierbing, Tookoolito, and one other native, Mr. Hall performed, with sledge and dogs, a perilous journey of six weeks' duration, every one of the party nearly losing their lives.

On Tuesday, July 30, 1861, upon the breaking up of the ice, the *George Henry* took her departure for a time, leaving Mr. Hall the only white man on Frobisher Bay. He immediately took up his abode in the home of Ebierbing, and planned to explore the unknown region at the head of the long bay. In this work he passed a busy summer. There he found many relics of Frobisher's expedition, in 1578.

Early in October Captain Buddington returned, anxious to sail for the United States on the 20th, but the ice was too quick for him.

The winter and summer of 1862 were devoted to labors in the same territory, up to August 9, when, a fresh breeze springing up, the ship weighed anchor and was soon homeward bound. She arrived in New London September 13, 1862. Thus closed Mr. Hall's voyage of nearly twenty-eight months in the southeastern section of the territory, which Queen Elizabeth named *Meta Incognita*.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE EXPEDITION UNDER DR. HAYES.



**D**URING all the long years of painful endeavor to find Sir John Franklin, numerous subordinate officers of the expeditions formed theories for discovering the lost explorer, and each afterward eagerly sought an opportunity to put his theory into practice. Probably a half dozen of the expensive expeditions which have been sent into the Arctic zone have been dispatched thither to test some man's theory, and always with the theorist himself in command.

In most of these instances the theory lured its originator and his fleet hundreds of miles from where lay the heroes of their search, starved to death. Dr. Kane's theory carried him twelve hundred miles north of them. Hall's speculations made him fall short several hundred miles in his first effort. M'Clure's conjectures drew him off among the northernmost islands, while the mainland of the continent held the sad secret. And now we find that Dr. Isaac Israel Hayes, the surgeon of Kane's expedition, had conceived an idea—"based upon the deductions of learned physicists"—which he could hardly wait to convert into fact. This related, however, not so much to the recovery of Franklin, as to the discovery of an open polar sea.

Dr. Hayes set his idea before several societies—*statistical*, *geographical*, and *scientific*—which, to-

gether with many wealthy gentlemen in our large cities, accepted his view, purchased a sailing-vessel for carrying out his plan, presented it to the doctor, fully equipped, and, July 7, 1860, bade him farewell in Boston, hoping he might take his little craft up to the very pole. Away she flew at the rate of nearly a hundred miles a day, when not hindered by fog and storms, and on August 6 entered Pröven, Greenland, conveyed by a fleet of kayaks.

A kayak! Let me show you one. You perceive that it is eighteen feet long, nine inches deep, and at the middle eighteen inches wide. At both ends it tapers to a point, with an upward curve. The frame is of light wood. Its covering is of tanned seal-skin, sewed together with sinew-thread. This work is done by the native women, and with a perfection really surprising. Not a drop of water can filter through the seams. The skin itself is absolutely water tight, and covers both the top and body of the craft. The only opening is a round hole at the middle of the boat, which admits the voyager to his hips.

A narrow rim of wood encircles this opening, and over this the occupant laces the bottom of his water-tight jacket. This act both fastens him in and keeps the water out. The voyager propels himself with a single oar about six feet in length and terminating in a paddle at each end. This he grasps at the middle, dipping the ends in the water alternately. The tiny craft is as light as a foot-ball, and as graceful as a bird. It has no keel, needs no ballast, and glides along just beneath the surface of the water. The airy structure is unavoidably top-heavy, and the occupant requires steady nerve and no little skill to manage it. Still, in this frail craft the Esquimau hesitates not to navigate seas which would send any ordinary boat to the bottom. He

dashes through surf which rolls completely over him, and yet he maintains his erect position.

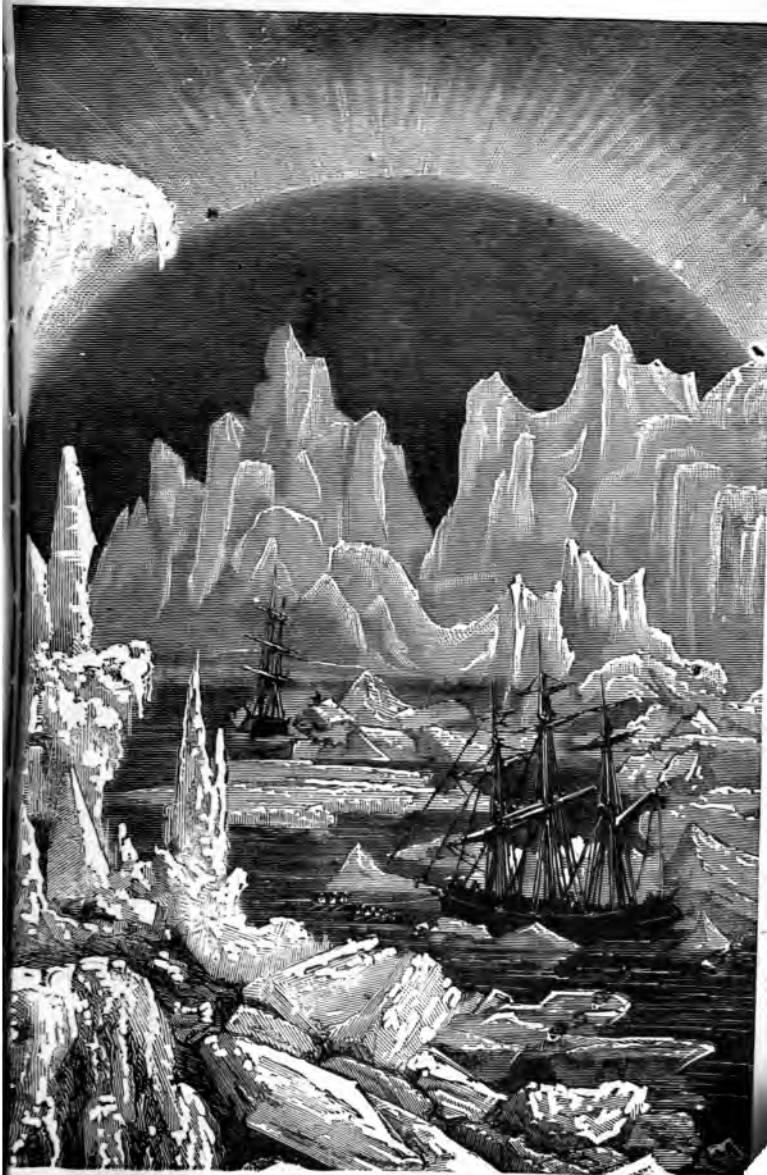
While at Upernavik, Dr. Hayes had occasion to call at the pastor's residence. He thus describes the place and its occupants: "I tapped lightly at the door, and was ushered into a cozy apartment by the oddest specimen of womankind that ever answered a door-bell. She was an Esquimau, with copper-colored complexion, and black hair twisted into a knot on the top of her head. She wore a jacket extending to her waist, seal-skin pantaloons, and, reaching to her knees, boots which were dyed scarlet and embroidered in a style that would astonish the girls of Dresden."

"The room was redolent with roses, mignonette, and heliotrope, all nestling in the sunlight, beneath snowy curtains. A canary chirped above the door; a cat purred on the rug by the hearth, and a gentleman, unmistakably, put out a soft hand to give me a welcome. It was the Rev. Mr. Anton, the missionary of the place. Mrs. Anton soon emerged from a little chamber adjoining. Immediately afterward her sister came in, and soon we were grouped around a home-like table."

Dr. Hayes pressed on northward from Upernavik, reached Smith Sound, made repeated desperate attempts to gain Cape Isabella, on its western side, in about latitude 80°. Foiled in every effort, he dropped back to Hartstene Bay, a sheltered anchorage some miles north of Cape Alexander. Here the party made immediate preparations to winter, and, these completed, entered upon several successful excursions. Of these, the goal of two or three was the great glacier discovered by Dr. Kane.

Dr. Hayes ascended this wonderful ice river a distance of sixty miles, with the thermometer at 34° below zero, the last night spent on its surface.





AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

They were then five thousand feet above sea level, and seventy-five miles northeast of the ship, "amid an immeasurable Sahara of ice."

Speaking of the Arctic nights, Dr. Hayes says: "The sun disappeared entirely October 15, but there were nine hours of twilight daily. A month later ordinary print could be read for a brief interval only at noon. Out-of-doors the moon and stars were our main reliance. The latter shone at all hours with almost equal brightness. During the interval of ten days between the moon's rising and setting, it shone continually and brilliantly, ever circling around the horizon. The whiteness of the landscape, added to the moon's light and the clearness of the atmosphere, enabled us to read with ease. The natives are often guided to their hunting-grounds by the moon the same as by the sun."

On the 6th of January a faint twilight mounted the southern sky—the harbinger of the coming day. "There is in the Arctic night," he continues, "much to attract the lover of nature. There is much that is beautiful in the flashing aurora, in the play of the moonlight upon hills and icebergs, in the wonderful clearness of the starlight, in the grandeur of the mountains and glaciers, in the fierceness of the storms.

"But the stillness of Arctic scenery is oppressive. The heavens above and the earth beneath are wrapt in endless quiet. No footfall of living thing reaches the ear. No wild beast, even, howls through the solitude. There is not a tree among whose branches the wind can sigh and moan. One seems to hear, see, and feel the intense silence. It fills the mind with a consciousness of death that is overpowering. Nature's greatest terror, in the Arctic world, is the *silence of its long night.*"

By way of amusement, as well as of mental oc-

cupation and improvement, a regular journal, entitled the *Port Foulke Weekly News*, was instituted, and a school of navigation was opened, about the middle of November. The paper embraced sixteen pages of closely-written matter, "including items of domestic and foreign intelligence from 'reliable correspondents,' with an editorial department, telegraphic summary, original poems, personals, advertisements, etc."

Passing over the intervening time, we record that, on April 6, Dr. Hayes, with three sledges and seventeen men, set out from *Porte Foulke* for the open sea. Crossing to the west side of *Smith Sound*, at *Cape Hawks*, he pushed up *Kennedy Channel*, leaving broken-down men on the way, and overcoming indescribable difficulties, to sixty miles beyond *Cape Constitution*, *Mr. Morton's* highest point in 1854. Thence, attended only by his secretary, *Young Knorr*, about twenty-one years of age, he accomplished twenty miles more, when, suddenly, their course was entirely arrested by ice unsafe to travel.

On the 19th of May, after having made every effort to proceed, without success, Hayes ascended a lofty cliff to survey the surrounding region. No land was visible except the coast on which he stood. The sea at his feet was a mottled sheet of blue water and decaying ice. But a voyage upon it was impossible, since the boat with which he had hoped to navigate the polar sea had been left behind, with the disabled men. Tracing, therefore, the different headlands around, he named them appropriately, planted, where he stood, the *Stars and Stripes*, with the flags of several patrons of his enterprise, built the customary cairn, and therein placed the record we here append:—

"*This point, the most northern land that has ever*


been reached, was visited by the undersigned May 18, 19, 1861, accompanied by George F. Knorr—and traveling with a dog sledge—after a toilsome march of forty-six days, from my winter harbor, near Cape Alexander. My observations place us in latitude  $81^{\circ} 35'$ . Our further advance was checked by cracks and rotten ice. Kennedy Channel appears to expand into the polar basin. Satisfied that it is navigable in July, August, and September, I return to my harbor to endeavor to get my vessel through Smith Sound after the ice breaks up."

Dr. Hayes judged himself to be about four hundred and fifty miles from the pole. The region was one of horrible desolation. He was eager to advance. He was obliged to return. The ship was released from her ice prison July 12, but could have been used as successfully to batter down Fort Sumpter as to break her way through the solid ice of Smith Sound. The ice finally allowed them passage southward, and in something over a month the company arrived at Upernavik. The first man who stepped on board uttered this startling declaration: "Ah, de Nort States dey go agin de Sout States and dere's plenty fight!" This was Hayes' first intimation of the great civil war.

The expedition reached Boston October 31, 1861. Hayes immediately tendered his vessel and his services to the government. They were accepted, and he entered the army as a surgeon, assuming charge of the West Philadelphia Hospital. After the war Dr. Hayes was elected a member of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and spent five years in political life. He won distinction as a lecturer on his favorite topics—Arctic Exploration and the Open Polar Sea. Dr. Hayes died December 17, 1881, in his fiftieth year.

## CHAPTER XV.

### M'CLINTOCK'S VOYAGE—CERTAINTY OF FRANKLIN'S FATE.

ET us now turn back to June 3, 1857. On that day the screw yacht Fox left harbor in England with the single purpose of determining, if possible, the fate of Franklin and his men. She was commanded by Captain Leopold M'Clintock, a brave man, and an experienced Arctic navigator. Seventeen of his crew of twenty-five men had seen Arctic service. Noble Carl Peterson, of Dr. Kane's memorable expedition, joined M'Clintock as an interpreter. Lady Franklin, the Admiralty, the Royal Society, and the London Board of Trade vied with one another in fitting him out.

After weeks of imprisonment in the ice of Baffin Bay, the Fox reached Melville Bay early in November, and there whiled away the ensuing eight months, completely ice-bound. Many times the quick destruction of the yacht seemed inevitable. Lectures, readings, discussions, and evening-schools were among the expedients devised by M'Clintock to amuse and instruct his crew during the wearisome time. On board most if not all of the ships employed in these searching expeditions, religious services—usually very simple—were conducted on Sundays, if not oftener, with all hands present if possible. Especially was this true during the depressing night of winter. These services and the reading of the word of God proved a source of

cheer and comfort to the men amid the intense solitude and desolation, dispelling their gloom and elevating their spirits.

The Fox was finally released, and July found the party cruising along the continental coast and doing most thorough work. Every native they met was closely questioned concerning any wrecked ships. Every report of the death of a white man, or men, was traced to its source if possible. The shores of Lancaster Sound, of the islands and inlets down to King William Land, received careful attention. At numerous points rumors reached M'Clintock relating to certain ships which had been wrecked, and whose crews had perished from starvation. But all were too vague to be relied upon, or to form a clue to the discovery of the ships or men.

Upon King William Island, however, they hoped for a more definite result, from the fact that some of the preceding searching parties were of the opinion that upon this island Sir John had met his fate.

On the morning of the 24th of May, M'Clintock crossed over to this island. Here, in the possession of the natives, he found several small articles which were identified as belonging to members of Franklin's party. Immediately two sledge parties were organized, with Captain M'Clintock and Mr. Petersen—as interpreter—heading one, and Lieutenant Hobson the other. Both were equipped for weeks of travel.

Captain M'Clintock met with no success in his route, and after a few days turned to the course pursued by Hobson. At various points on the way he discovered objects indicating the march of the missing navigators. Upon reaching Cape Herschel, on the south coast of the island, M'Clintock found

a cairn erected by Hobson. He had discovered no wreck, had interviewed no natives, but had found a record of Franklin's expedition.

The document was a filled-out blank furnished by the Admiralty for the purpose, and which could be inclosed in a bottle and dropped into the sea in case of shipwreck. Upon these blanks was printed, in six different languages, the request that the finder would forward the same to the Admiralty. The paper discovered by Hobson was written by Lieutenant Gore, and is here appended:—

“ May 18, 1847.

“ H. M. S. Erebus and Terror wintered in ice, in latitude  $70^{\circ} 5'$  north, longitude  $98^{\circ} 23'$  west. Having wintered, in 1846–47, at Beechy Island, in latitude  $74^{\circ} 43' 28''$  north, longitude  $90^{\circ} 39' 15''$  west; after having ascended Wellington Channel to latitude  $77^{\circ}$ , and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

“ Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

“ All well.

“ Party consisting of two officers and six men, left the ship on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

“ Gr. Gore, Lieut., Charles De Vacux, Mate.”

Reference to the map reveals how far north Franklin had penetrated, and how far south from that position he descended, rather than risk his ships and men another winter so far from the American coast.

Had this paper contained no other record than the above, the hearts of Hobson and his men would have been greatly cheered; but, most sadly, around its margin, inscribed by another hand, were the words:—

“ April 25, 1848.

“ H. M. S. Terror and Erebus were deserted on 22nd of April, five leagues N. N. W. of this, having

been beset since the 12th of September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of one hundred and five souls, under the command of Captain Crozier, landed here in latitude  $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$  N., longitude  $98^{\circ} 41'$  W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men.

(Signed) F. R. M. CROZIER,  
*Capt. and Sr. Officer,*  
JAS. FITZJAMES,  
*Capt. Erebus.*

"And start (on) to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River."

Thus was it settled beyond doubt that these survivors of Franklin's crews were the white men who, as Dr. Rae learned in the spring of 1854, had been seen by Esquimaux in the spring of 1850, traveling southward on the west coast of King William Island, drawing a sledge and boat, and whose dead bodies were afterwards seen, some on an island and others on the mainland, "about a long day's journey" from Great Fish River.

Of these records a writer pathetically remarks: "A sadder tale was never told in few words. There is something extremely touching in their perfect simplicity. And they show, in the strongest manner, that both of the leaders of this retreating party were actuated by the loftiest sense of duty, and that they met with calmness and decision the fearful alternative of a last bold struggle for life rather than perish without effort on board their ships." The *Erebus* and *Terror* were provisioned for only three years—to July, 1848.

Leaving this point, M'Clintock passed to the western coast of the island, but Lieutenant Hobson had preceded him and discovered a large boat, vari-



ous articles of clothing, and several little embellishments of an Arctic toilet. Of these M'Clintock remarks:—

“All these things were of secondary account. There was that in the boat which transfixed us with awe. It was portions of two human skeletons. One was that of a slight young person; the other that of a large, strongly-built, middle-aged man. The former was in the bow of the boat, but in a state too much disturbed to enable Hobson to determine whether he had died there. Strong animals—supposed to be wolves—had destroyed much of his frame, which may have been that of an officer. Near it we found the fragment of a pair of worked slippers, and a pair of small, strong, shooting half-boots.

“The other skeleton was in a more perfect state, and was enveloped in clothes and furs. It lay across the boat under the after-thwart. Close beside it were five watches and two double-barreled guns, standing, muzzle upward, against the side of the boat, with one barrel in each loaded and cocked.

“It may be imagined,” continues M'Clintock, “with what deep interest these sad relics were scrutinized, and how anxiously every fragment of clothing was turned over in search of pockets, pocket-books, journals, and even names. Five or six books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except the ‘Vicar of Wakefield.’ One little book, ‘Christian Melodies,’ bore an inscription on the title page from the donor to G. G.—Graham Gore (?) A small Bible contained numerous marginal notes and whole passages underlined. Besides these works, the covers of a New Testament and a prayer book were found.

“Among an amazing quantity of clothing were found seven or eight pairs of boots of various kinds .

—sea-boots, cloth winter-boots, heavy ankle-boots, and strong shoes. There were also silk handkerchiefs—black, white and figured—with towels, soap, sponge, tooth-brushes, and hair combs; also a mackintosh gun-cover, lined with black cloth, and on the outside marked A. 12. with paint,—in short, a truly astonishing variety of articles, of one description and another, the most of which modern sledge travelers would consider so much dead weight, being but slightly useful and likely to break down the strength of the crews.

“The only provisions found were tea and chocolate; of the former very little remained, of the latter there were nearly forty pounds. In such a climate these articles alone could not support life, and we found neither biscuit nor meat of any kind. There was a small portion of tobacco and an empty pemmican tin, capable of holding about twenty-two pounds. This was marked E., and had probably belonged to the Erebus. None of the fuel brought from the ships remained about the boat, but there was no lack of it, for a drift-tree lay on the beach close by. Moreover, had the party needed fuel, it would have used the sides and bottom of the boat.” There were also discovered several pieces of plate, which belonged, evidently, to the officers.

All these relics were conveyed to England, and placed in the hospital at Greenwich, where they may to-day be seen.

These discoveries were regarded as of the greatest importance. Upon M'Clintock's return to England—autumn of 1859—he was the recipient of great honors. He had been absent over two years. During the time, the faint tidings of him which reached home by no means proved but that he had met Franklin's fate. For his valor, fidelity, and success, the Admiralty bestowed upon him many

rewards, and Lady Franklin accorded him "her undying gratitude." Subsequently he was knighted by the queen. To-day he ranks with the most distinguished of Arctic explorers. He was a man of great qualities, and they were best displayed in times of exceeding peril.


To our geographical knowledge of that northern realm, M'Clintock contributed as follows: He proved that Bellot Strait, the passage of water between North Somerset Island and Boothia Peninsula, is a navigable channel, the southern shore of which is the northernmost coast of the North American Continent. Southward from Bellot Strait, he mapped the hitherto unknown coast line of Boothia, down to the pole of magnetism, which lies in Southern Boothia. He charted King William Island entirely, and proved the existence of the capacious passage which connects Victoria Strait—in a northwest direction—with Melville Sound, giving to the channel Lady Franklin's name. It is now, however, called M'Clintock Channel.

M'Clintock's expedition was fruitful, also, in contributions to science. The zoology, botany, meteorology, and terrestrial magnetic currents of that region were intelligently studied and reported.

The characters of such men as M'Clintock, and Kane, and Hall—who sleeps within the Arctic Circle—M'Clure, Sir James Ross, Lieutenant Bellot, and many other Arctic explorers, are eminently worthy of study and imitation. They battled mightily, and nobly, and long, when tortured with hunger, and oftentimes when ill, in darkness, in dangers, some of them unto death, rather than fail in duty. They were actuated by principles of honor. They were impelled by motives of sympathy and by feelings of humanity.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HALL'S SECOND AND THIRD JOURNEYS.

HE year 1864 saw George Francis Hall set out for the Arctic Circle for the second time, in a whaling-ship commanded by his old friend, Captain Buddington. His desire was to reach King William Land and explore it for information concerning Franklin. His only companions were Ebierbing and his wife Tookoolito. Reaching Hudson Bay, he landed, pushed northward to Hecla and Fury Bay, and from that point entered the land of his search.

Mr. Hall spent four winters in King William Land, living wholly with the natives, chiefly near Repulse Bay—King William Land must not be confounded with King William Island, the place of M'Clintock's discoveries, which lies much to the northwest of Repulse Bay. Hall familiarized himself with Esquimau habits and manners, and became versed in their language. His investigations convinced him that most of Franklin's party died of starvation before reaching the mainland.

He discovered and brought to the United States many relics of the ill-starred expedition, but the most persistent search failed to bring to light a single document which could in the least degree clear up the painful mystery of the death of so many men. He concluded that they were compelled to

abandon their ships in great haste, and left all records on board. It seemed reasonably certain, he thought, that Franklin advanced as far westward as any point since attained, and therefore is entitled to the honor of having virtually discovered the long-sought Northwest Passage; or, more correctly, he divides the honor with M'Clure, who first traversed its western portion during his famous voyage from Behring Strait eastward.

During his absence, Mr. Hall took copious notes on many topics, particularly of Esquimau life, habits, character, and history, intending to publish them upon his return from his third Arctic trip. But he was fated never to return from the extreme north land, and we believe these notes remain to-day as he left them.

Leaving Repulse Bay, Mr. Hall returned to the United States, and made herculean efforts to induce the government to place at his disposal another Arctic expedition. He finally succeeded. And everything that kind humanity could devise to render his undertaking a success was liberally provided. A schooner-rigged steamer was purchased, strengthened to the utmost, furnished with every appliance for Arctic work, and significantly named "The Polaris"—North Star.

The enterprise determined upon, Hall began selecting his officers and crew, himself being the captain. His knowledge of the Esquimau language, his eight years of Arctic life, and his singular ability to maintain perfect discipline and yet retain his popularity among his men, all qualified him to be its commander. As before, Captain S. O. Buddington was his sailing-master. This man had made eleven whaling voyages to the Arctic seas, extending over a period of thirty years. George

E. Tyson became assistant navigator. William Morton, Dr. Kane's most trusted helper years before, consented to act as second mate. Emil Bessel, a German scientist of note, had charge of that department. Mr. R. D. Meyer was appointed astronomer and chaplain. Lastly, Ebierbing and Tookoolito, with their little child "Puny"—born in the United States after the death of their daughter "Butterfly"—made up Hall's official family. Ebierbing was to act as interpreter and look after the hunting. The entire company numbered thirty-nine, and was destined to make one of the most remarkable voyages ever recorded. Upon Hall's arrival in Greenland, he added to this list the notable Hans Christian—of Kane's and Hayes' voyages—with his wife and three children.

The *Polaris* steamed out of New York harbor June 29, 1871. On the 24th of August she entered the realm of ceaseless ice and snow. "From that date until April 30, 1873, not a word from the expedition reached the civilized world." From Tessuisak, Greenland coast, Hall sped on to, and through, Smith Sound—the unyielding obstacle in the way of Kane and Hayes—meeting with little opposition from the ice, and with wonderful will pushed ahead up Kennedy's Channel into the water pronounced by Kane, Morton and Hayes to be the open polar sea, but which was simply an expansion of this channel—now called Kane Sea.

Six days later, August 30, Hall attained his highest point, latitude  $82^{\circ} 29'$ , according to his own estimate, and  $82^{\circ} 16'$  by Meyer's reckoning. Here the floating ice gained control, and carried the *Polaris* southward for four days. September 3 she entered a cove of the eastern shore, latitude  $80^{\circ} 38'$  where she was sheltered by an immense

iceberg at the entrance. Here Hall decided to winter. The place was named Polaris Bay. The steamer was moored to the iceberg. An observatory was erected, and observations were immediately begun.

On the 10th of October Hall set out on an excursion to the north, attended by Hans, Ebierbing, and Mr. Chester, the mate. On the evening of the 20th he wrote the last words ever penned by him. They were addressed to the secretary of the navy, and gave an account of the voyage up to the selection of winter quarters. A copy was placed in a pillar set up at Brevoort Cape, the northern headland of Polaris Bay. The original was first read in Washington two years after it was written.

Mr. Hall proceeded northward ten days, accomplished a distance of seventy miles, finding the mountains flanking Kennedy Channel and Robeson Strait free from ice and snow, the waters alive with seal, geese, and ducks, the land abounding with foxes, bears, wolves, rabbits, lemmings, partridges, and musk-ox. Three days after they left the Polaris, the Arctic night set in, with the mercury at 7° below zero.

The dogs accomplished the return trip in four days. Mr. Hall appeared to be in ordinary health, but the great change from the outside atmosphere to the close air of the cabin seemed to affect him extremely, it was said. He refreshed himself with simply a cup of coffee, followed by a hot sponge bath, and retired for the night. In the morning his symptoms—vomiting and a burning of the throat—were alarming. To these were added delirium and partial paralysis before the close of a week. He afterwards rallied considerably, and made an effort to resume work, expecting complete restoration *health*.

On the night of the 8th Mr. Tyson found him in his cabin insensible and breathing heavily. He died before morning. The physician decided that he died of apoplexy, but Captain Hall believed that poison had been placed in the cup of coffee he drank, and in the delirium preceding his death imagined that every person about him sought to take his life. The matter was afterward investigated by a commission. Its unanimous decision was that "the death of Captain Hall resulted from disease, without fault on the part of anyone."

Hall was of course buried at Polaris Bay. Physically, he was remarkably strong. His powers of endurance exceeded those of most men. He was of medium height, broad-chested, and had a massive head. The writer remembers to have seen him just before his leaving upon this expedition. He then looked as if a polar bear, or a small iceberg, would be considered by him but a trifling obstacle in his way. At the time he remarked that he "did not intend to return to the United States until he had planted his feet upon the North Pole." Captain Hall was extremely temperate in all his habits.

The command now devolved upon Captain Buddington, and he at once determined to return to New York as soon as the ice should release the steamer. Early in August the *Polaris* was free, and steamed slowly down Kennedy Channel. The first night found her dangerously hemmed in. For two months following, she drifted helplessly back and forth in Smith Sound. October 15 a terrific gale set in, the ice pressed under the ship, she was lifted out of the water and thrown upon her beam end on the ice. Immediately stores and provisions were removed to the ice and conveyed



to a safe position, where a canvas tent was erected.

In the middle of the night, at the height of the fearful storm, the ill-fated *Polaris* broke loose and darted away, leaving nineteen persons and the provisions on the ice. The morning breaking, the party attempted to reach the shore, but found the undertaking impracticable. During that day the *Polaris* was seen under sail, but soon changed her course and disappeared.

A few hours later, the wretched party again caught sight of her, but only to see her vanish quickly. They then concluded that they had been purposely abandoned. The floe on which they stood soon separated, scattering the party upon various pieces of ice. But, with the two boats, which, happily, had been put off the steamer, all were speedily gathered upon a surer foundation, "where they passed the night more dead than alive."

One hundred and ninety days the deplorable company drifted to and fro on the treacherous ice, in the middle of the polar winter, at the will of wind and water. No language can describe the sufferings they endured. Several times they were on the verge of starvation. Thoughts of cannibalism then sprang into mind, but each time food was provided in time to escape it. Many attempts were made to reach the coast, with the dogs and sledges, but each ended in total failure. Finally, snow-houses were built on the floe, and the party made themselves as comfortable as possible.

On New Year's eve an observation taken by Meyer showed that in nine weeks they had drifted southward over five hundred miles. The thermometer stood at  $39^{\circ}$  below zero. April came in with a terrible gale, compelling all to leave their

homes of snow and take to the boats. When well under way, one craft was found to be leaking badly, and to be too heavily loaded. Food and clothing went overboard. A little bread and pemmican, a tent, and a few skins only were retained. Southward all went fifteen miles, and then landed on the floe, pitched their tent, and spent the night, with the ice cracking and breaking up on every side.

Next morning the company set out again on their awful voyage. Two hours later a fierce gale swept down upon them, driving them, after several hair-breadth escapes, to the floe with a broken boat. Thus for days they alternated, for safety, between the ice and the boats. Gale succeeded gale, and the constantly-parting floe kept them ever moving to some safer quarter. On one occasion all were literally washed out of tent and snow-hut by the dashing waves. Hurriedly the women and children were placed in a boat, with absolutely nothing to eat.

On the 16th of April the sufferers had completed a six months' voyage on the ice. At that date they had not the slightest prospect of rescue. Starvation stared them in the face. On the 18th a small hole in the ice was discovered, at some distance from them. It was the breathing-place of a seal. Soon the captured animal furnished them with three days' provisions. For twelve days succeeding, the tumbling sea swept the floe completely many times, keeping them ever on the lookout for a point where they could withstand its force.

On the 25th an observation revealed the amazing fact that the party had traveled a distance of eighteen hundred and seventy-five miles, in a direct line southward from their point of starting! All were in a desperate condition, but Mr. Meyer appeared

to have suffered most, and had but slender prospect of surviving many more such tortures. Ere this even the skins which they had tanned for clothing were eaten as dainty food; and on the 26th the entire party could not exhibit a mouthful of provisions. But, before the day closed, a bear was seen approaching them over the ice.

Hans and an Esquimau companion took their guns and marched out to welcome him. Bruin thought to secure a good meal for himself. He furnished many meals instead. In the afternoon of the 28th the voyagers were thrown into a tremor of excitement by the sight of a steamer a little to the north of them. Immediately their colors were hoisted and glad hands pulled toward her, hoping to head her off. She failed to see them, and soon passed out of sight. Depressed by the disappointment, they landed on a bit of floe, pitched their tent, and spent the night wet and hungry. It was a starry night, the first with which they had been favored for many days. A new moon also contributed its cheer; besides, they kept a fire blazing all night, hoping to attract the steamer. She failed to notice it. At daylight she was again sighted. Quickly the boat was manned and driven toward her, but after two hours of toiling, impassable ice blocked the way. Determined to be noticed, the men landed, placed their colors upon the highest point near, and fired three rounds from their rifles and pistols. Three shots from the vessel answered them.

The day passed and the evening came. Still the parties had failed to find each other. But when the fog of Wednesday morning, April 30, 1873, cleared away, a joyful sight met the eyes of the wretched party. Close to them a steamer was

passing. Observing them, she bore toward them, and ere long every soul of that portion of the *Polaris*' company was safe and comfortable on board the *Tigress*, commanded by Captain Bartlett, and owned in Newfoundland.

Thus ended this truly marvelous voyage, in latitude  $52^{\circ} 35'$  north. Our abbreviated paragraphs convey but a faint idea of its perils and horrors. It is doubtful if history can furnish its counterpart. The greatest wonder connected with the journey was the survival of the five little children, one of whom was a young babe but a few months old. Four of them were the offspring of Hans Christian, the other was Puny, the daughter of Tookoolito. The entire party was conveyed to St. Johns, Newfoundland. A few days later tidings of their rescue reached the United States, whereupon the government dispatched a steamer to transport them to Washington.

Captain George E. Tyson, who commanded the unfortunate party, deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance for his manly protection of the two Esquimaux women and their little ones. Indeed, every man of the company merits a share of the praise. They represented numerous nationalities, and some of them were rough men, yet each, in every emergency, gave his first thought to the safety of these helpless ones.

Let us now return to the *Polaris*, and trace the fate of the remainder of the expedition. As we know, nearly everything which could be of use in life on the ice had been removed from the steamer—in momentary expectation of abandoning her—when her hawser quickly parted, and she drifted hopelessly away, greatly imperiling the lives of those on board. Her engines had frozen up and were

useless. It was evident she could never reach port. Captain Buddington therefore decided to beach her, and thus save for their use the remainder of her stores.

This was accomplished. Of her material a house was built, and roofed with her sails. Here the company of twenty men spent the winter in comparative comfort, certainly without hunger. As spring approached, boats were constructed of boards employed in lining the *Polaris*, and at the earliest moment after the ice began to give way—the middle of June—Buddington began his voyage in search of transportation to the civilized world. Their boats were very frail, compelling the most cautious progress by day, and rest upon the ice-floes at night.

The men skirted the dense body of ice until the 20th of July, when they sighted a craft which proved to be the *Ravenscraig*, a Scottish whaler.

They were soon observed by the captain, and were welcomed on board. But not having a full cargo, and wishing to complete it, the captain transferred his passengers to the steam-whaler, *Arctic*, bound for Dundee, Scotland, and in the afternoon of September 17 Buddington and his party entered that port, all in good health. Immediately their arrival was telegraphed to London, and the next morning the safety of the remainder of the *Polaris'* company was announced in the American dailies.

Taking into consideration the remarkable success of the *Polaris'* northward passage, and the probably unparalleled voyage of the party under Captain Tyson—in view of the persons who composed it, the season of the year, and the part of the world in which it occurred—together with the fact that of the forty persons comprising the expedition, but one only, Captain Hall, was removed by death, the

trip must be regarded as the most wonderful of all Arctic voyages.

Of George Francis Hall it deserves to be said that among the American Arctic navigators who have distinguished themselves for bravery and heroism, he has no superior. In the field of exploration, his career affords a brilliant example of what may be accomplished by unfaltering devotion to a single purpose. Had Mr. Hall lived, in all probability the results of the expedition would have been very different. With his vigorous constitution, and still more vigorous will, he might indeed have settled the question of an open polar sea, and might possibly have "set his foot upon the North Pole."



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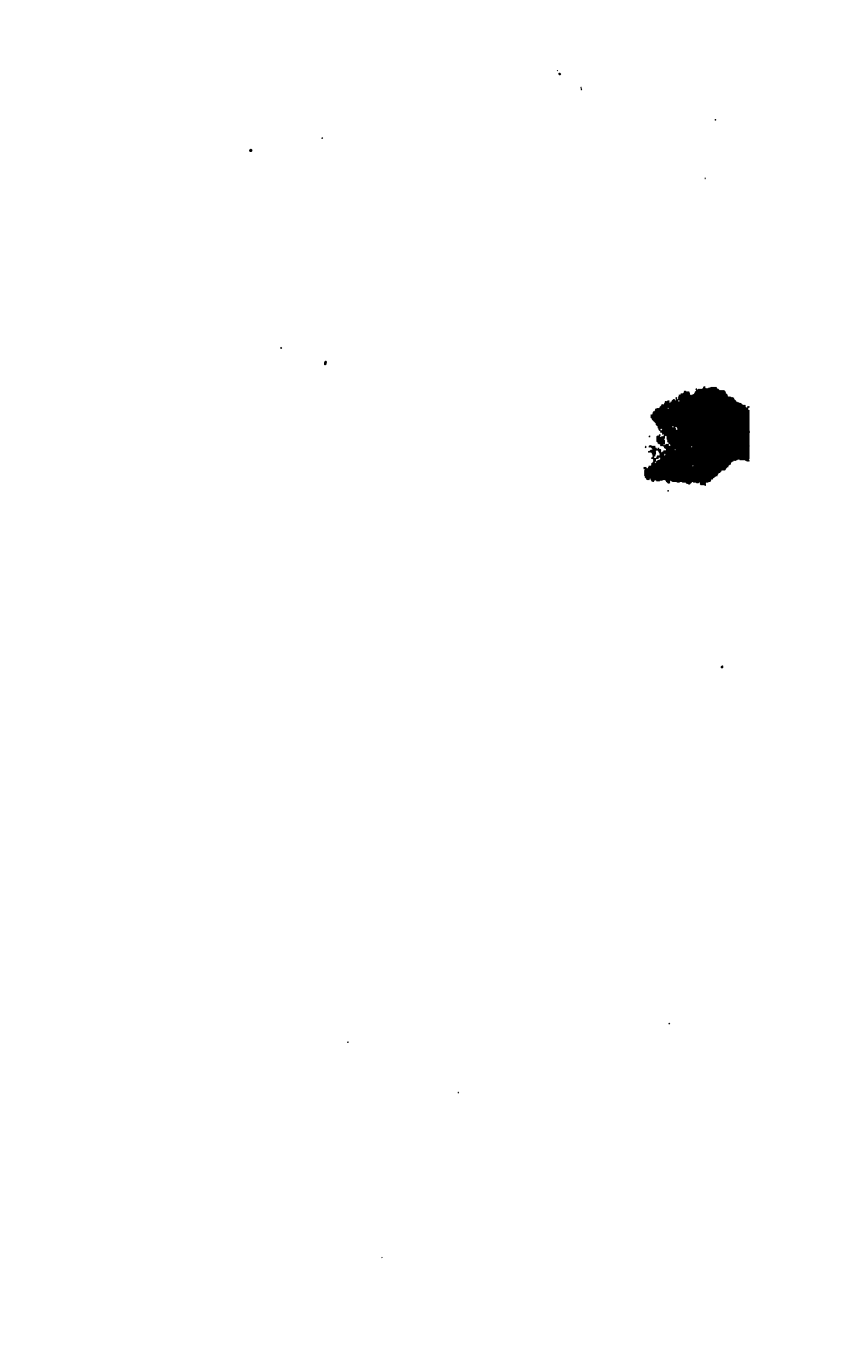
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